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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE.

THERE are moments when the power of the Government becomes irresistible, for it is only the Government that can save the House from a confusion that it hates and a strife of which it is weary. There must be some power exercised to make the House something more than an ineffectual debating society, and the Government that watches its time can exercise this power and be welcomed as a deliverer. The proposal of Mr. DISRAELI to cut short all further discussion of the Reform Bill, by proceeding at once to the schedules, was such an exercise of power, and it was well-timed, and therefore acceptable to the House. If a Reform Bill was to be passed this year some such step must have been taken. There could otherwise be no end to the discussion of the suggestions and amendments of private members. Some of these amendments represent crotchetts honestly entertained, but most of them, as was very truly said on Thursday night, are brought forward either for show or to please constituents. There is a time for all things, and Mr. BOUVERIE was right in saying that the time is now come when members must explain to their constituents that their little wishes cannot possibly be attended to, for the existence of the whole Bill itself is at stake. But Mr. DISRAELI wisely forbore to exercise any great pressure on the House. He allowed time for the discussion of some few of the amendments proposed, and the issue showed how very little good such amendments can now do. The House took exactly two hours to discuss a clause forbidding the use of public-houses by committees. The clause was actually carried, but the discussion was continued, and then it was seen how very difficult it would be to put it into practical operation, and it was subsequently rejected by a majority of two to one. The fact is, that these amendments have never been considered by their authors. There has been no attempt made to anticipate and meet the most obvious objections to them. Some principle with a little show of good in it is caught at, and then a clause is passed in a hurry, and it is moved by some member who does not at all know what he is doing. That unlimited beer should not be supplied under pretence of holding a purely political meeting seems very right and proper; but if a committee that honestly intends to keep itself dry, and avoid beer as if it were poison, is not to meet in a house which affords the only suitable and available accommodation to be had, it must in many cases meet in the open air, and the climate of England is not adapted for that. Then, again, if the Committee meets in a public-house contrary to law, either the candidate is not to be held responsible for it, and the clause would then be nugatory, or he is to be held responsible, and then it would be necessary to show that he sanctioned the proceeding, or he might be suffering for the misdeeds of other people over whom he had no control. All this seems very obvious, but the mover of the amendment had never considered it, nor did the House see at first what it was doing. It rushed at the clause in a blind hope that it might be one means of reducing the frightful cost which future elections will impose on candidates; but it had to give up this hope when it came to look at the practical results which the clause must produce. Time is far too precious now to make discussions of this sort endurable, and the House must be content to take the Bill as it stands, for good and for evil.

Mr. BRIGHT has intimated his willingness to accept the arrangement by which Luton and three Northern towns are to be sacrificed in order to make room for the additional members to be given to the four great towns. The scheme of Redistribution is, therefore, virtually settled, unless some alteration is made in the mode of dividing counties. It appears that there is some fear lest the arrangements for increasing the representation of South

Lancashire, for example, should be made so ingeniously as to deprive that constituency of its most distinguished representative, and Mr. GLADSTONE naturally wishes to protect himself. But this is a point that may very easily be settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and then the discussion on the Reform Bill will virtually be finished, and this most wonderful piece of legislation, the record of a revolution which no one has designed and scarcely any one pretends to understand, will be sent to the Lords. Mr. DISRAELI, having prudently determined to accede to the wishes of the great towns, had no choice but to take the course he has done, or to lessen the gain of the counties, or disfranchise some of the smaller boroughs. His own supporters naturally approve of the line he has adopted, for, if the Bill has a Conservative side, that side is to be found in the increased importance of counties and in the retention of the small boroughs. But it is quite evident that the arrangement now made is only a temporary one. A new scheme of redistribution will perhaps be among the first subjects to engage the attention of a new Parliament. Mr. DISRAELI himself, by offering members to so many important towns and then withdrawing the offer, has created or stimulated a local demand for representation which will not die away. And as time goes on, and the discussion and consideration of the whole subject becomes deeper and wider, the claims of the small boroughs seem to become weaker and weaker. Mr. BRIGHT did not say anything so damaging against Dartmouth, for example, as what Mr. HARDY said for it. Mr. HARDY did his best to destroy that lingering halo of sentiment which still gleams over these ancient historical little towns. He made them and their representation and their members ridiculous, and in Parliament to be ridiculous is to be on the eve of being extinguished. He was of opinion that Dartmouth was a much more important place than Birmingham, because it was a seaport, and because it was not very far from Torbay, where WILLIAM III. landed. The picture of this little Devonshire hamlet piquing itself on being at the mouth of a partially navigable river, glorying in being near a place where some one once landed, thinking itself a much finer and grander thing altogether than such a Brummagem place as Birmingham, and sending a very silly member to talk about its glories in Parliament, will not be forgotten. Barnsley, and Keighley, and St. Helens, at any rate, are not likely to forget it. For the moment they are disappointed; but they will henceforth have a very clear notion how their sorrow may be turned into joy, and will look to Dartmouth, and towns like it, as a sure source of consolation.

The proposal to give a cumulative vote to three-cornered constituencies survived the general wreck of amendments, and received the amount of consideration due to the interest it has excited, and to the fact that Mr. LOWE was its author. But what must have been the consternation of the ardent upholders of the scheme when they found that the great champion of their cause all at once dismissed their favourite argument, and went against the representation of minorities. For months we have been hearing and reading that minorities ought to be represented, and that it is absurd that a slight numerical superiority, such as that possessed by the Republican party in America, should give its possessors the absolute control over the fortunes of a great country. Suddenly it is discovered that this is all nonsense. Mr. LOWE says so, and Mr. LOWE being the cleverest man, perhaps the only clever man, who believes in the cumulative vote, must be taken to know. What, then, are the merits of the cumulative vote? In the first place it would, as Mr. LOWE says, redress a very obscure and very small grievance. The minority now suffers more than it ought to do as a minority. It generally tries, when there are three places

vacant, to get in only one candidate, and then, while the voters of the majority use three votes, the voters of the minority only use one. This, Mr. LOWE says, is very hard upon them; but if it is a hardship, it is at least the very minutest hardship ever sustained in any political society. They are quite at liberty if they please to start three candidates, and give three votes, but for the purposes of party tactics they start one candidate only, in hopes of catching a few votes from the other side; and then, if Mr. LOWE represents them fairly, they think it very hard they should not at once have the advantage of starting one candidate, and the pleasure of voting for three. Among the evils of human life, surely this is an durable one. The second great object of the cumulative vote is to keep people at Lambeth off the Turf. It appears that some of the toiling millions there do not vote for Mr. HUGHES, and yet do not vote against him, because it would be of no use. In their desperation at this enforced inactivity, they take to gambling; whereas if they could send a member to Parliament of different opinions from Mr. HUGHES, and a person whom they could really fancy, then they would be happy and good for the rest of their lives. It is difficult to know what to say to this, for it seems shocking not to further, if possible, the moral regeneration of Lambeth. But can we be quite sure that these electors would hold to their bargain? If they could get one member by promising to be good, might they not ask for two before they would engage to be quite all that could be wished? They might give up going to the Derby for one member, but would they give up "knurr and spell" and dog-fighting under two? But these are not the main reasons for which the cumulative vote is demanded. Mr. LOWE, with his usual frankness, after playing with the subject for a few minutes, went straight to the point and said what he really meant. The one great object of the cumulative vote is to undo the mischief of the Reform Bill. It is to be a slight and perhaps unavailing protest against democracy, a monument that even when Conservatives abandoned their principles there were a few Conservatives left in Parliament, although on the Liberal side. It is satisfactory to think that for this purpose it is almost the same thing that the proposal should be made as that it should be carried. Although the House refuses to stultify itself, and to brand as mischievous the Bill which it is passing in deference to the wishes of the country, yet history will record that Mr. LOWE and his friends fought boldly against what they thought to be an evil; and the thought of future history is the best, and almost the only, solace that the losing side in politics can have.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

THIE sad fate of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has fallen on Europe with the stroke of an unexpected calamity. It did not seem possible that this extreme measure of cruelty should be dealt out to one whose sincere desire to serve his adopted country at any cost not even his enemies doubted, that so profitless a crime should be committed after full time for reflection had elapsed, and that the remonstrances of the United States, by whose breath the triumphant party in Mexico has been made, and could be in a moment unmade, should be entirely disregarded. The fury of a savage partisanship has, however, prevailed, and the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has been shot. It is hard to believe that this is really the end of the high hopes, the brilliant auguries, and the noble endeavours with which three years ago the ARCHDUKE began his ill-starred reign. He was a man of the true heroic mould, yet not very wise; by no means a good judge of men or events, but essentially heroic. To live to do good, to be worthy of his race, to trust even when those to be trusted were Mexicans, to do something before he died that should be useful, great, and striking, was literally the passion of his soul. He went to Mexico exactly as Dr. LIVINGSTON went to Africa, and the common sense that points out how foolish it is to go to be murdered by negroes may also point out triumphantly how foolish it was to go to be murdered by Mexicans. It is by men who do things at once foolish and noble that the salt of the earth is preserved. The resolution of the EMPEROR to stay in Mexico after the French left was Quixotic and ill-advised, but it was conceived in the lofty vein of a man who prefers death to dishonour. The thought that there should be others who would fight for him when he would not fight for himself stung him to desperation. And during the whole siege of Queretaro, protracted for sixty-five days, with treason round him on every side, with no better prospect before him at the best than that of making his way to the hills, and leading the life of a hunted and wounded animal until he might by chance get to the coast, he was the soul of the defence, the one man whose resolution never wavered and

whose courage never gave way. Perfectly indifferent to danger, sharing to the utmost the privations of his soldiers, unflagging in his care for the wounded, he went on day after day hoping against hope, until the basest treachery delivered him into the hands of a set of the most merciless ruffians that disgrace the earth.

As if in irony of human grandeur, the news of this most shocking and mournful event came to the Emperor NAPOLEON just as he was hastening to preside over the most splendid of the ceremonies that have given glory to the year of triumph at Paris. All the world was to be judged by France, and to receive from France the rewards due to labour, to taste, and ingenuity. The unwonted spectacle of the chief of the Mahomedan world in a Christian capital had aroused even the sated spirits of Parisians to enthusiasm. On a sudden it became known that the Prince whom France had sent out to establish her influence in America, to uphold the fortunes of the Latin race, and to do a great work for humanity, had been shot in cold blood for doing that which France had invited him to do. The EMPEROR has acknowledged the greatness of the calamity and the severity of the blow that has fallen on France. For this mournful end of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN neither France nor the Emperor NAPOLEON can, under the circumstances, be justly held accountable. The French knew, and MAXIMILIAN himself knew perfectly well, the risk he ran. They warned him against it and offered him a secure retreat, but he chose from regard to his own honour to run it. Nevertheless, the tragedy with which the Mexican expedition has closed must throw its gloom over the whole enterprise, and make it seem a more lamentable failure than it did before. But our thoughts are drawn even more to the United States than to France. What will the Americans feel when they know that their formal entreaty for the life of MAXIMILIAN has been set at nought? That the life of the Emperor of MEXICO was technically forfeited may be true; and if all the difference of circumstances is ignored, it may be said that the Mexicans had as much right to treat the EMPEROR as a brigand as he had to treat them as brigands. It must always be referred to the conscience and judgment of mankind to say when pleas of this sort are valid. But at any rate the United States did not hold them valid. The American Government acknowledged that it had a debt to discharge, not only to humanity, but to the Powers whom it had prevented from supporting the Mexican Empire. Mr. SEWARD has endeavoured to save the life of the EMPEROR, and he has failed. It remains to be seen whether he and the American people will think it honourable to sit passive under this failure. They will scarcely hold themselves bound to avenge the death of the EMPEROR, but they must in any case hold themselves bound not to allow that a Republic which owes its existence solely to them shall be plunged into endless anarchy by the manifestation of that spirit of recklessness and shortsighted fury which has wasted Mexico for half a century, and has found its latest victim in the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. The men who at present exercise the powers of government in that distracted and unhappy country must, after this fearful tragedy, begun in treachery and ending in blood, be regarded by all Christian Powers as beyond the pale of civilization.

THE POPE AND THE BISHOPS.

THIE Pope and his Bishops transact their ceremonial business in perfect harmony. In the ecclesiastical circles of Rome unanimity, benevolent condescension, and implicit obedience are as easy and as natural as the conflicts and hostilities of secular assemblies. Under the surface there may possibly be jealousies and intrigues, but all parties concur in the determination to exhibit to the outside world a spectacle of absolute concord. In reply to the Pope's gracious reassertion of a mass of astonishing propositions, the representatives of the clergy profess with one voice their enthusiastic adherence and implicit belief, and they further express their devotion by declaring that princes and nations are agreed in the determination to maintain the Holy See in the enjoyment of its temporal sovereignty and possessions. Ten years ago an equally willing and valid guarantee would have been as readily given for the provinces which have long since been added to the Italian Kingdom. The Bishops possess neither special knowledge of political probabilities, nor exceptional power to ensure the performance of their own promises; but it is the custom at Rome to assume that the Church is still all-powerful, although Pius IX. himself not unfrequently adopts the tone and language of a martyr. The conventional phrases of the clergy are perhaps as excusable as the corre-

sponding forms or platitudes which are employed in all official intercourse. The speeches at an English public dinner are nearly as insincere as the most reverential answers to obsolete Allocutions; nor is a canonization of saints much less respectable than an installation of Knights of the Garter. It is only surprising that so much expense and inconvenience should be incurred for the sake of solemn services and processions which seem as useless as more vulgar pageants. It might have been worth while to summon bishops from three or four continents to pronounce or to approve the infallibility of the Pope, but it is now thought that an interval will elapse before another new article is added to the Creed. It can hardly have been supposed that the profane designs of Italian statesmen and agitators would be thwarted by any clerical denunciation; yet, thus far, the only approach to real business has consisted in the exchange of useless references to the Italian question. The Pope, as if in self-defence, assures the assembled prelates that he has always displayed as much good-will to Italy as was consistent with reprobation of error. But even ecclesiastical eyes and ears cannot be absolutely closed to painful rumours of intended spoliation of Church property in the adjacent kingdom. Repeated experience has shown that no other injury to the Church is so hopelessly irremediable. In orthodox Spain, as in heretical England, purchasers of Church lands cling with invincible obstinacy to the property which they have acquired. In the present condition of the Italian Treasury, every possible Ministry will resort to the only convenient fund from which the national wants can be supplied, and the temporary failure of successive schemes only postpones for a short time the inevitable secularization. Loud expressions of confidence in the loyalty of Governments and of their subjects to Rome receive a curious comment in the debates of the Italian Parliament, and in the utter indifference of Europe to the impending sacrilege. Far greater outrages are perpetrated with impunity at the expense of the Romish Church throughout the wide dominions of Russia; and unless Catholicism is preserved by its alliance with Polish nationality, the East of Europe will probably in one or two generations be absolutely and finally withdrawn from its allegiance to the Holy See. Neither religion nor civilization will be benefited by a change which is nevertheless instructive as far as it illustrates the decadence and helplessness of modern Rome. A society which has relieved itself of all internal dissensions is almost always essentially weak, because its unanimity proceeds from conscious inability to face external hostility without the most perfect discipline. The Pope and his Bishops must sometimes reflect with uneasiness on the entire equanimity with which their ostentatious assemblage has been contemplated both by friends and foes. A few zealous laymen may perhaps anticipate some advantage from their deliberations, but the bitterest enemy of the Church has not offered a single objection to the meeting. The records of the Roman ceremonies are scarcely more exciting than the reports of debates in Convocation.

It is remarkable that, at an advanced age, and notwithstanding infirm health, the Pope should meditate the bold project of summoning a General Council to meet two years hence. There is a tradition among the Roman populace that St. PETER reigned as Pope for twenty-five years, and that none of his successors is destined to exceed the term. PIUS IX. is approaching the fatal period, and although he may probably smile at the popular superstition, he can scarcely hope to preserve his vigour for many years longer. It is utterly uncertain whether his successor may share his opinions or his policy. The semi-Liberal faction in the Sacred College will, at the next election, be supported by France, by Italy, and probably by Austria; and a new Pope, still uncertain of his position, and not having had time to command the veneration which is paid to the character of the present Pontiff, would be naturally unwilling to face the uncertainty of a General Council. It would of course have been impossible for the prelates now at Rome to hint to their spiritual chief the doubts which must have been generally felt whether he would survive to preside in a still more solemn assembly. Their professions of gratitude and delight at the prospect of an Ecumenical Council must have been tempered by the recollection that three hundred years have elapsed since the latest meeting of the supreme Parliament of the Church. If a Council is now required, it must have been desirable on more than one occasion since the dissolution of the Council of Trent. It is scarcely worth while to base the infallibility of the Pope on so elaborate a foundation. The doctrine that the successor of St. PETER is, for certain purposes, incapable of error, has long been preached by the clergy,

and practically accepted, among other mysteries, by the Roman Catholic community; and an appeal to any external authority would rather disturb than confirm the general belief in the inscrutable attributes of the Pope. It is in one sense a higher function to confer a supernatural quality than to receive and exercise the gift. The dogma might be more easily and conveniently established if it were promulgated to the Bishops during the present meeting, in well-founded confidence that it would be instantly and gratefully recognised.

There is some probability in the rumour that the Council is to occupy itself rather with temporal policy than with ecclesiastical doctrine. The scheme of declaring Rome and its territory to be the common property of the clergy in all parts of the world is not wanting in boldness of conception. It is suggested that every Catholic prelate should be a citizen of Rome, and that the Pope should rule, not only over a fraction of the people of Italy, but over a community which would represent almost every known nation. So colossal a fiction would almost justify the convocation of an Ecumenical Council; and if the Governments of Europe could be induced to enter into the spirit of the device, the Church might succeed in providing itself with additional patrons and protectors. The ingenious framers of the plan have forgotten nothing except the real condition of things and the limits of ecclesiastical power. No Council could either create or abrogate the minutest secular right. Whatever might be pretended by Church dignitaries, the people of Rome, and their neighbours in the kingdom of Italy, would retain all the claims and aspirations which disturb the tranquillity of the Vatican. By affecting cosmopolitan indifference the Holy See would lose its best support in the patriotic complacency with which its pretensions to universal sovereignty have been always regarded by the countrymen of the Pope. Italians who grumble at the continuance of the temporal power under present circumstances would utterly refuse to obey an intrusive foreigner. The present Pope incurred much unpopularity by his employment of a Belgian in high office, and it would be a far more dangerous experiment to place a foreigner in the chair of St. PETER. The nominal extension of the Roman franchise to a crowd of ecclesiastical strangers would justly irritate the indigenous population, and it would furnish a plausible pretext for Italian intervention. The whole project is chimerical, and yet there seems to be no reason for summoning a Council, unless the Pope intends to startle the world by some extraordinary innovation. The Bishops, indeed, are delighted with the Papal promise, as they would have been fully satisfied with the absence of any similar proposal. A well-conditioned parishioner always says "Amen" when the clergyman comes to a pause, and in the same excellent spirit the prelates of the Roman Church concur in the most unexpected utterances of the Pope. Steady old divines must secretly doubt the prudence of digging under the foundations of a tottering house; but the Church cannot afford to differ from its Head, even when he propounds the most dangerous and most surprising doctrines.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF REFORM.

WE are now at the end of the first week of July, and the Reform Bill is not through the Commons. Undoubtedly there exists a hearty desire to pass it, and both weariness and a sense of duty make most members anxious to get rid of a subject so obscure, so irritating, and so tedious. But delays have beset the path of Reform, and it is inevitable that these delays should have existed. On the whole, Mr. DISRAELI has managed the conduct of the Bill with much adroitness, with an evenness of temper that has won him the gratitude of the House, and with a boldness and pliancy which contrast strongly with the timidity and obstinacy of some of his opponents. Not that it is to be for a moment believed that he saw what was coming, and has led friends and enemies alike to a predestined goal. He has but lived from hour to hour, and the Bill, we may be sure, is a greater surprise to him than to any one else. It is not to praise him for surmounting difficulties, but to notice how naturally these difficulties have arisen, that we refer to them. And first, there are the difficulties which come from the Conservative party. Mr. DISRAELI accurately estimated the weakness of his followers, and saw how easily they would yield to a little firmness; but he is even now obliged to do many things that they do not like. Especially he has to adopt a course that must be very trying to his subordinates. In the early part of the Session he used Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY as his instruments for ascertaining the temper of the

[July 6, 1867.]

House. They were allowed, and were encouraged, to talk as if they still believed in Conservative principles; and when they flagged, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was instigated to make dignified statements of law as viewed from the Conservative side, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL was invited to favour the House with his merry historical conceits. But these useful persons have gradually got wiser. They do not like to be put up only to be knocked down, and Mr. DISRAELI has had to use humbler people as his ninepins. In the discussion on giving a third member to the great towns he found in Mr. ADDERLEY exactly the very ninepin he most wanted, and having stimulated him to stand up, he knocked him down completely, and with a contemptuous and almost cruel indifference. That he was right, and that it was necessary to have Tory arguments stated and heard, may be very true. But it was not without some risk, and probably not without some sense of risk, that Mr. DISRAELI used as his ninepin a man who, like Mr. ADDERLEY, is a sort of typical county member, and whose griefs are of the very kind most sure to come home to the feelings of many very influential people.

Nor in such a case is it only the individual that suffers, nor is it only those whose position enables them to sympathize with him most readily who are made uneasy. Mr. DISRAELI saved the Government from a defeat by accepting the proposal of Mr. HORSFALL; but he did this at the cost of making Mr. HENLEY doubtful how far he could countenance him, and of inducing General PEELE to stigmatize his conduct in one of the neatest and most epigrammatical phrases of the Session. The Conservatives, although ready to concede all the main points at issue, are yet anxious to have the consolation of securing as many triumphs in the discussion of details as possible; and they feel as if a dear possession was taken from them in an hour of general confusion when they are forced from some tiny position of Conservatism which they think they have already won by their ingenuity and courage. The party had to submit to follow Mr. DISRAELI's lead in abandoning the case against the large towns, but they did not at all like it. And although no serious opposition to the Bill now comes from those who framed the Bill of last year, and the Liberal party will not follow its leader in seeking to get rid of the measure altogether; yet when the case of the Government on any point of detail happens to be a weak one, it finds a most powerful adversary in Mr. GLADSTONE. The position of Mr. GLADSTONE by no means improves as the Session goes on. He is to the last degree self-willed, discourteous, and obstructive. He goes perfectly wild with fury if he sustains an unexpected defeat. What the Government ought to have done with regard to the clause requiring that a voter should have his rates demanded of him before he loses his vote for not paying them is very doubtful. Parliamentary engagements ought to be kept with the utmost strictness, and the Government had undertaken to bring in a clause providing what Mr. DENMAN wished should be provided in the matter. This clause was drawn by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, brought before the House, and supported by the votes of most of the leading Ministers. But the Government found that the clause would not work, and that there were grave objections to it. Because they acknowledged this, and because they allowed their supporters to follow their own judgment, Mr. GLADSTONE plunged into a passionate ecstasy of rage and mortification, and spoke of the whole question of the borough franchise as being thenceforward reopened. This, at any rate, was very mistaken, whatever may have been the course which the Government ought to have adopted. But great as are the mistakes which Mr. GLADSTONE makes, and decreasing as is his hold on the Liberal party, he still is a great power in the House. He is very often right in his points of attack, and is so much master of the whole subject, and can say what he has to say so forcibly, that his opposition is never to be despised, and may at any moment prove much more efficacious than is expected.

And, just as it is an error to overlook the hesitation and reluctance with which the Conservatives abandon the little strongholds which they have tried so painfully and patiently to build up for themselves, and just as Mr. GLADSTONE, in spite of all his faults, can do the most serious damage to the case of his opponents, so the eagerness of the public to have a Reform Bill passed must not be overrated; and it must not be supposed that there is any immediate ardour for having the Government Bill passed. If Englishmen of the rank of petty householders were polled, there would be, we may be sure, a majority for insisting that a Reform Bill of some sort shall be passed this Session. But the interest in Reform

is not so great as it was. The general revolution of opinion of which the Reform Bill in its present shape is the symbol dwarfs the Bill itself. The country seems almost to have got beyond the Reform Bill before it is passed. No one has any notion of going back, except the few honest Conservatives who have believed in their Conservative principles, and have resolutely refused to sacrifice to expediency that which they believe to be morally and politically right. But, although the public mind does not at all lean to reaction, and insists that the Bill shall get through, yet the passing of the Bill is somewhat impeded by the absence of motive power due to the sense that there are other things now going on by the side of which the mere arrangement of voters and voting is a trifling thing. The whole scheme of Conservative belief is shaken to the foundation. Things which a short time ago were accounted very dreadful are now spoken of as the most natural and innocent things in the world. Men like Mr. BRIGHT, who were deemed a pest to decent society, are now flattered and courted, and hold themselves out successfully as the kind patrons of the Government. There is scarcely any political opinion held so steadfastly in England that we cannot now easily conceive it fading away, and there is no man of anything like real intellectual force whose career we can anticipate. Changes in the relations of the governed to their governors, in the relations of the poor and the rich, in the relations of the Church to the State and to modern thought—changes that a short time ago seemed quite chimerical—now float before everyone as entering the range, not only of possibility, but of a not very remote probability. The effect of all this has been to relax in some slight measure the pressure for a Reform Bill. The House goes bungling and dawdling on, not only because it has broken loose from its leaders, but also because, as the discussion of details proceeds, it sees difficulties where everything once seemed smooth, and it is not kept up quite as much as it was to the painful task of getting rid of these difficulties by boldly cutting the knots it is sure to find. The progress of the Bill has consequently been rather slow, and the chief cause of wonder is that it has not been slower, and that so much has been done which cannot be undone, and which is in itself really valuable. We can only hope that the Government may now be able to exercise the influence that has been wanting, and that all parties will concur in getting the Bill through as soon as possible.

NORTH SCHLESWIG.

ONE of the minor advantages which were expected to result from the Prussian victories of last year seems likely to be attained. Of all the political changes which have recently been effected by force of arms, the conquest of North Schleswig by Prussia and Austria was the most objectionable. Whatever may have been the purposes of the Prussian Minister, there can be no doubt that the German nation embarked in the Danish quarrel under a strong sense of duty, and for the assertion of a claim advanced in entire good faith. Rightly or wrongly, an impression prevailed throughout the whole of Germany that the Danish majority in the Parliament of Copenhagen, and the Ministers by whom it was represented, were guilty of legislative and administrative injustice to the German inhabitants of Schleswig and Holstein. The Southern Duchy formed a part of the German Federation, and it was contended that, in virtue of ancient compacts, the independent province of Schleswig was inseparably connected with Holstein. The few English politicians who had studied the question almost unanimously held that the difficulty created by irreconcileable interests and conflicting treaties could only be removed by a compromise which would have terminated almost all disputes arising from difference of race and language. The Crown of Denmark had no strong motive for retaining Holstein, and the population of Southern Schleswig was certain to cultivate chronic discontent, and on favourable occasions to invite foreign assistance. A division of Schleswig by a line corresponding as nearly as possible with the boundary of the languages would have obviated the subsequent rupture; and during the negotiations of 1850 such an arrangement had been at one time proposed by Lord PALMERSTON. It is not surprising that the Danes should have objected to a surrender of territory, though they would perhaps have been more open to persuasion if they had not been encouraged by the supposed sympathy of England. The scheme was revived too late at the Conference of London, and within a week or two of the renewal of the war the allies completed with perfect

case the entire conquest of the province. Of the whole Cimbrian peninsula Denmark only retained possession of Jutland, and the pure-blooded Danes of North Schleswig found themselves, after a short interval, exposed to all the vexations which had, according to German statements, been previously inflicted by their own countrymen on their Southern fellow-subjects. For a few months the Austrian officers reigned in Schleswig, but, on the outbreak of the war of 1866, General GABELT was compelled to evacuate the Duchy. The Prussian rulers who succeeded belong to a class which is not likely to consult the feelings of an alien community; and they have steadily acted on the theory that, until some further political change is effected, North Schleswig ought for all purposes to be regarded as an integral part of the Prussian monarchy. The Danish inhabitants have been checked in all demonstrations of their natural desire for reunion with Denmark, and they have been subjected to the military and fiscal burdens which are borne by Prussian subjects. Their impatience has been stimulated by the provision in the Treaty of Nikolsburg which provides for the attainment of their object through the machinery of a popular vote.

The stipulation was inserted in the treaty at the request of France; but, as it formed a part of the terms of peace between the belligerents, the Prussian Government has since contended that no Power except Austria is entitled to exact the fulfilment of the promise. Count BISMARCK has also alleged that, as no term for the possible restoration of the district has been fixed by the treaty, Prussia alone is entitled to fix the time of proposing the vote to the people. His language was perhaps scarcely serious, but it served the purpose of reminding the Danes of Schleswig of their hopeless inability to enforce any concession on Prussia. Austria had more pressing subjects of consideration, and France was not a party to the treaty; yet it seemed probable that the Minister was anxious rather to assert the entire independence of Prussian policy than to keep possession of an insignificant and disaffected district. Representations in favour of the Danes appear to have been made during the visit of the King of PRUSSIA to Paris; and negotiations have been at last commenced which may perhaps lead to the reparation of a standing injustice. A Prussian despatch has been published, in which the Danish Government is mildly censured for its refusal to provide adequate guarantees for the rights of German residents in Schleswig. It is useless to inquire whether such a provision is necessary or reasonable, because the Prussian Government has the power of imposing at its pleasure the conditions on which the territory is to be surrendered. After the clamour which was excited by the supposed grievances of Holstein and Schleswig, it might have been expected that Prussia would take steps to prevent a repetition of similar complaints. It is not, indeed, pleasant for an independent nation to be prevented by a foreign protector from dealing with any class of its subjects; but as Prussia is too strong to be forced into concession, it is probably advisable to recover North Schleswig on any practicable terms. England, France, or Russia would refuse to enter into any negotiation for the admission of foreign interference in domestic affairs; but Denmark is not a great Power, and there is only a choice between painful alternatives. Having satisfied the supposed exigencies of his position, and the possible expectations of his countrymen, the Prussian Minister will perhaps not enforce the guarantee which he thinks fit to demand. The patronage of Turkish rayahs is cultivated by Russia because it affords a perpetual excuse for menaces and encroachments on the rights of Turkey; but when Prussia has once restored Danish Schleswig to its former possessors, there can be no intention of reclaiming the gift. The German rayahs under the Crown of Denmark will be sufficiently protected from vexation by knowing that they have an irresistible champion to redress their wrongs. The passion of Danish sheriffs and parochial incumbents for teaching an unintelligible catechism to German children has probably been repressed by the expense of a ruinous war.

Notwithstanding the apparent harshness and inconsistency of the great German Powers in annexing a Danish district by right of conquest, the case of North Schleswig illustrates the partial approximation of modern policy to justice. The general opinion now prevalent through Europe that allegiance ought to depend on natural relations is as modern as it is sound. Half a century ago provinces were habitually awarded to Sovereigns, not on the ground of identity of language or of a popular wish, but because it was thought necessary to adjust the balance of power, and to compensate dynasties for losses to which they had been compelled to submit for the general benefit. Even the

more ancient connexion of Holstein and of Schleswig with Denmark was as exclusively personal as the adjudication of the German province of Luxemburg to a Grand Duke who happened also to be King of HOLLAND. According to the theory of national law, the title conferred by conquest is absolute, although its consequences may be regarded by all whom it concerns with unanimous repugnance. When NAPOLEON added Hamburg or Rome to the territory of the French Empire, the exercise of irresistible power was received with unwilling acquiescence. His successor was obliged to resort to plausible fictions when he made himself master of Savoy and Nice, although neither province could have attempted to resist the execution of the terms which had already been imposed on the Italian Government. The Austrian Government, during the continuance of the joint occupation, would have willingly restored the Danish portion of the conquered province; and the sterner Government is even now offering, on certain conditions, to redress the injury which was inflicted at the close of the war. It is not necessary to remark on another instance of the contempt of statesmen for the French formality of universal suffrage. As the transfer of Nice and Savoy was arranged in a conference between the Emperor NAPOLEON and Count CAOUR, the Prussian Minister at Copenhagen now offers Schleswig to the Danish Government on the conditions of undertaking a portion of the debt, and promising certain guarantees to German residents in the province. It is admitted on both sides that the popular vote will follow from the bargain between the Governments; nor indeed is there any doubt that the Danes of Schleswig will be but too happy to find themselves once more under the administration of a Government which understands their language and represents their feelings. A vote of transfer which contradicted natural tendencies would be as unjust and oppressive as any acquisition by conquest. Diplomacy, with all its faults, is preferable to the machinery by which a Prefect or a Commissioner manages universal suffrage. It is only when the opinion of a community is already ascertained that an artificial mode of expressing it becomes tolerable and harmless. The claim of Danish Schleswig to be reunited with Denmark is entirely independent of any possible ballot-box.

RAILWAY LIABILITIES.

TWO or three Select Committees of the House of Commons, probably acting in concert, have refused to allow Railway Companies to raise money in preference to their present obligations, for the relief of their difficulties. The only practical question was whether the holders of securities should be allowed to act by large majorities in the proposed waiver of their rights of priority. It was admitted on all hands that the ordinary shareholders, who in their corporate capacity were insolvent debtors, had no right to confiscate, with Parliamentary aid, the smallest fraction of property which belonged to their creditors to the full amount of their claims; but it was contended with much force that, where the property could be protected from deterioration by a certain outlay, the debenture-holders or preference shareholders might reasonably be authorised to raise money for the improvement or preservation of the undertaking on which they relied for payment. It is of course impossible to obtain absolute unanimity in favour of any proposal, however expedient. If a creditor holding a fifty-thousandth part of the debt stood out against all the rest of the body, he might probably succeed in extorting payment in full. The conversion of a first into a second mortgage can only be effected by an enactment that some definite proportion of debenture-holders shall have power to bind the minority; and if five-sixths or seven-eighths of the whole number thought a new loan advisable, it might be reasonably inferred that the proposal would be beneficial to all persons concerned. The Committees which have on plausible grounds taken an opposite view of the public interest have acted, although their judgment may possibly be sound, in opposition to the latest legislation of the House itself. The Railway Bill which has been sent up to the House of Lords expressly provides for the creation of new priorities with the consent of a certain majority of the class which is to be postponed. Much may be said, and much has been said, on both sides of the question, as the sanctity of vested interests, and the advantage of providing new resources for embarrassed undertakings, have been contrasted with varying results. The advocates of remedial legislation wished to pour a little water into the pump, to make it suck; while their opponents insisted on the duty of

relying on the permanent laws of hydraulic action. On the Stock Exchange, as elsewhere, there was a conflict of opinions, for some experienced dealers held that the smallest attempt to tamper with debentures would depreciate this entire class of securities; while it was urged with equal earnestness that the first step to the restoration of public confidence must be the recovery of the embarrassed Companies from their present confusion. There is no doubt that the Committees have acted with an exclusive view to the public interest, and experience must show whether their foresight is equal to the honesty of their intentions. The Great Eastern Company has been forced by the decision of a Committee to bring its affairs into the Court of Chancery, from which the London, Chatham, and Dover Company will emerge if the Bill which will soon have passed the House of Commons receives the approval of the Lords.

The refusal of the powers sought by the Great Eastern Company was especially significant, inasmuch as the Directors proposed, not to touch the rights of debenture-holders, but only to create a stock of the kind which has been lately designated by the barbarous name of pre-preference. There is a great difference between the creditors and partners in a concern, even where the division of profits is subject to a pre-arranged order. The preference shareholder, although he comes before the ordinary proprietor, participates in the risk of the enterprise, while the debenture-holder relies for payment in full on the value of the mortgaged property. The surplus revenue of the Great Eastern is large enough to afford good security to a lender whose claim comes next after the rights of debenture-holders; but a fourth or fifth preference coming immediately before ordinary stock is altogether unsaleable. The preference shareholders who opposed the Bill, in the hope of obtaining protection or concession, are probably not a little disappointed by the success of their efforts. If the undertaking can be made solvent only by the creation of fresh capital, the holders of preference shares were deeply interested in procuring, even at the expense of conceding a priority, the means of making the railway profitable. The decision of the Committee produced a kind of panic in the City, to the detriment of all classes of railway securities. It is difficult to say whether the facility of obtaining money will be increased or diminished by adherence to the rigid rule that preference shareholders are not to be mulcted even by their own consent, and for their own advantage. If there is any truth in the assumption that the Committee refused the proposed issue on the ground that it was too small to accomplish its purpose, the Bill may perhaps, after all, be recommitted and passed.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Committee has refused to insert, in a Bill promoted jointly by the Directors and a committee of debenture-holders, a power for raising a moderate sum in priority to the holders of existing securities. It is not certain whether it will be practicable for the Company to obtain money by any other method; but the advantage of maintaining the inviolable character of debentures may possibly outweigh the benefit which would, in the particular case, have been conferred both on the shareholders and on the creditors. If, indeed, all the mortgagees were to consent to surrender their prior claims, a loan might be contracted in strict conformity with principle; and if any large number of debenture-holders assent to the temporary surrender of their priorities, the Company may perhaps still be able to borrow the sum which it urgently requires. If capitalists are obdurate, it will be difficult to effect improvements in the line, or even to preserve the rolling stock from the grasp of impatient creditors.

The Bill which is now referred to a Select Committee of the Lords is in some respects more liberal, or more lax, than the decisions of the Select Committees. Companies unable to meet their engagements are to obtain, if possible, the consent of shareholders and mortgagees to a scheme which may, if it is thought fit, include provisions for raising money. As it is especially provided that the consent of debenture-owners and preference shareholders shall not be necessary, except where their rights are affected, it follows that the House of Commons contemplates the establishing of new priorities as an essential element in the scheme. After obtaining the assent of the requisite majorities of all classes concerned, the Directors may apply to the Court of Chancery for the approval of the scheme. If they fail to obtain the sanction of the shareholders, of the creditors, or of the Court, the undertaking is to be wound up and sold under the provisions of the Company's winding-up Act; but it does not appear how the railway is to be disposed of if no purchaser is forthcoming. The Bill was largely remodelled by the Committee of the House of Commons, and

it has perhaps not yet assumed its final shape. According to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's original plan, the Board of Trade was to perform some of the duties which now more suitably devolve on the Court of Chancery. The alternative of a sale in default of an approved scheme will perhaps not be made compulsory until a longer interval has elapsed; and it may be inferred, from the Duke of RICHMOND's language in moving the second reading of the Bill, that the Government will not support the proposal for facilitating the creation of capital over the heads of creditors.

Notwithstanding recent disasters and present difficulties, there is scarcely a railway in the kingdom which might not, if time and opportunity were allowed, provide amply for the satisfaction of creditors. The Great Eastern Company has a net revenue of 900,000*l.*; and the London, Chatham, and Dover, with 200,000*l.*, is still in its infancy. All metropolitan lines possess a mine of wealth in the undeveloped suburban traffic; and the London, Chatham, and Dover and Brighton Railways, traversing the pleasant villages of Kent and Surrey, are creating streets on either side of their lines which will be inhabited almost exclusively by passengers. A general power of issuing debenture stock is provided by the new Railway Bill; and, if Companies succeed in converting temporary loans into permanent obligations, they will be relieved from the danger of falling into the clutches of the Court of Chancery. The House of Lords will do well to consider maturely the expediency of a forced sale, until time has been allowed for Railway Boards to meet their engagements; and provision ought to be made against attempts of neighbouring Companies to depreciate property which they may afterwards intend to purchase. If the amalgamation of the London and Brighton Company with the South-Eastern is authorized, the Chatham undertaking, if it were put up for sale, could only have one possible buyer; and in anticipation of the purchase much might be done to affect its saleable value. The South-Eastern Board, which has forced the Brighton into ruin by a connected series of hostile measures, would not be more scrupulous in dealing with the comparatively helpless London, Chatham, and Dover. Mr. WATKIN, who has conquered and annexed one neighbouring territory, has already proposed that the Chatham Company should place itself absolutely at the mercy of the South-Eastern. One of the Bills for the readjustment of the affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company was intended to entrust the exclusive adjudication of its rights and liabilities to Lord WESTBURY, who is chairman of the Brighton Committee of Shareholders, and an active promoter of the South Eastern amalgamation. The ingenuity of railway diplomats will acquire a fresh impulse on the discovery of new facilities for invasion and conquest. The weaker party to the South-Eastern alliance will perhaps be sufficiently occupied for the present with the measures which are necessary for retrieving its own misfortunes. The new Chairman is reputed to be skilful in devising remedies, although the unusual fee which was paid for his temporary services to the Great Eastern Company has not been sufficient to secure his permanent assistance. As a large part of the Brighton capital is about, for the first time, to become productive, Mr. LAING will perhaps have, for the second time, the credit of introducing an era of prosperity. Nearly all other lines will improve, though not with equal certainty and rapidity.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

THE discussions on the French Budget have been, as usual, full of animation and of interest. It would be idle to pretend that the Legislative Assembly is at ease on the subject either of the national armaments or of the national expenses. In reality, if not in form, the Budget of the present year is a war Budget, and all the words of peace and conciliation which NAPOLEON III. may coin cannot disguise the fact. Considering the paroxysms of military preparation to which we ourselves every ten years are subject, it seems useless to be continually reproaching the French nation or their Government for their pertinacious attention to their armaments. French soldiers are to France what Portsmouth forts and rifled guns are to Great Britain. The French are not separated from their military neighbours as we are by an invaluable barrier of blue water. Nature, which gives horns to bulls, and ironclads to Englishmen, has given to Frenchmen a powerful and organized infantry, and till the halcyon days of an industrial millennium appear, it is as vain to ask them to disband their Zouaves as to ask Englishmen to give up building men-of-war. It is true that

France appears but little exposed to danger of invasion. But wars do not arise only through projects of invasion or aggression. Every country likes to feel assured that it has the power to maintain the honour of its flag at a moment's notice. The French in particular may urge with some reason that they cannot prudently venture to be wholly disarmed. They are far more deeply interested in the political questions that agitate the Continent than ourselves. Not only are their sympathies with the rest of Europe keener than our own, but their interests are more distinct; and they neither choose nor can afford to hoist the commercial flag of non-intervention. The recent aggrandizements of Prussia furnish them with an excuse for uneasiness; and, beyond a certain point, the Emperor of the FRENCH cannot dare to be defenceless, even if he would. It is wiser to try to understand the position of the French than to be for ever reproaching them with their ambition and their military organization. Fair criticism is better than all the middle-class shopkeeper thunder of the *Times*. And the true flaw in the Imperial policy is, not that it aims at making France strong and respected abroad, but that it attempts to carry out its objects by a cumbersome and a wasteful system. France may be right in remaining armed, but she ought to buy her armour cheaper, and in a way less calculated to drain her own resources.

This is what the French Opposition are beginning to think and say, and we see no reason to believe that they are wrong. The complaint against the Empire is not so much that it is warlike as that it is lavish. In truth, the French EMPEROR is perhaps as desirous of peace as any of his subjects. But he has not the same sincere interest in keeping down the standing army to a minimum. This year may be said to be an exceptional one. The experience of the German war last summer has made it necessary for the French to reconstruct their army, to change the old fire-arm for a more approved and modern weapon, and to benefit by the astonishing experience of recent campaigns. No blame can attach to them for promptly undertaking the necessary transformations, and in some respects they show a wise desire to abstain from useless expense. They are spending no money, for example, on big naval guns. There can be no doubt that our fleet is twice as heavily and thoroughly armed as theirs. But the French do not mind for the moment having no complete naval system of ordnance, simply because they are not dreaming of a war with England. All their energies are expended on the more practical object of rendering their land forces invincible, while they are satisfied with keeping their fleet a little above the standard of the German. It is in reference to their infantry system that they are open to the reproach of unthrift. And the cause of all is very simple. The Empire cannot have recourse to the Landwehr system, which for a great Continental nation is both the cheapest and the most satisfactory, because the EMPEROR dares not transform the nation into a national guard. In place of a completely organized militia he is compelled to adhere to a monster standing army. And in these days of Landwehr and national reserves a standing army, to be effective, must be extraordinarily large. The French EMPEROR, therefore, for the sake of his dynasty, is forced every year to sacrifice the flower of the French population. Herein lies the weakness of his domestic position, and it is to this joint in his cuirass that the arrows of hostile critics are directed.

The French EMPEROR, though disposed by his character to be unduly sensitive to possible danger, is, after all, the best judge of his own personal interests. He may, for anything we can tell, be unable to give more liberty to his people without imperilling the stability of his throne. Still it is desirable that everybody should see clearly what it is that France has to pay for the luxury of being governed by a NAPOLEON. She has to pay twice as much as she need otherwise pay for her national defences. M. GARNIER-PAGES pointed out last week in the Corps Législatif that the French army, in proportion to its effective strength, was just twice as costly as the Prussian. Nobody can say that it is twice as formidable, or that the chances of victory, in the event of a war upon the Rhine, would be in favour of the French as two to one. Those who compare the rival forces of the two nations should also compare the respective outlay. In this industrial age huge standing armies are, or ought to be, a barbarism. They eat into the heart of the labour of a nation. Every man taken unnecessarily from agriculture or from industry is a double loss. Not only does he produce nothing towards the wealth of the community, but he consumes more than an ordinary member. The French, who are so fruitful of ideas, and so intent on social progress, are the last people in Europe who ought to commit themselves to a policy of pure wastefulness. It is a

reproach to Imperialism that it involves the squandering of the vital forces of France, instead of being able to afford to husband and promote them.

The orators of the French Opposition are also right in believing that a large standing army is a direct encouragement to further extravagance. It is one of the wholesome effects of a militia system that it does not convert whole thousands every year into the natural friends of war. The Prussian middle-classes, in spite of their bravado and their occasional insolence, are not really fire-eaters. Any body who recollects accurately the events of 1866 will remember how distasteful in the beginning of the conflict Count BISMARCK with his aggressive policy was to the German masses. They felt that the war—whatever its justification or its end—was a direct interruption of industry and domestic life. It was only when they had tasted the intoxicating draught of military success that they began to like soldiering, and to enjoy the sense of conquest. The Prussian Premier played the boldest of all games, for it was plain that in speculating on victory he was risking the chance of revolution. Standing armies have no sympathy with tranquil pursuits, and do not object to active service, like men who are employed in peaceful professions. In draining France to feed his regiments NAPOLEON III. is converting coal into fire. Every recruit that he enlists is turned by the process from a lover of quiet into a lover of disquiet. At the present moment we do not wish to cast in the EMPEROR's teeth any of his past failures. But it is not the less true that excessive armies lead immediately to Mexican expeditions. French eagles must be fed; and this is one of the chief arguments against increasing their number unnecessarily.

If anything were wanted to prove that it is cheapest as well as best for a country to be free, the instance of France would establish it. No amount of Parliamentary criticism can keep down the expenditure if the governing body is driven by the exigencies of its situation into relying on military levies. The Budgets in the French Chamber are exposed to plenty of attack. They are always ingeniously devised to escape investigation, but there are men in the Chamber who are accustomed to finance, and whose keen eyes leave no defect unnoticed. But nothing keeps them down. Year after year we hear the same complaints, the same excellent advice, the same Ministerial promises, the same Ministerial breaches of promise. In truth, Ministers and Chambers are alike powerless. Being an Empire, France must behave herself accordingly. When we turn to her Budgets, we feel inclined to say that Napoleonism is unfitted by its character to be a State religion of the future. It is too dear, and France might be ruled on cheaper terms. This, in spite of their professions of loyalty, the orators of the Left are for ever hinting; and this, when they look at the Budgets of the last three years, Frenchmen will be well disposed to believe.

TRADES' UNIONS AND UNIONISTS.

THERE is a dreary monotony in the evidence which is produced before the Commission presided over by Mr. OVEREND. As in many other human things, the very exuberance of horrors detailed at Sheffield begets a weariness of the subject. The mind can only absorb a certain amount of any sentiment, and when we are saturated with a feeling, especially if it is a terrible one, satiety takes the form of something akin to apathy. We are almost afraid that from such cause as this the proceedings reported in the papers of Wednesday will not receive sufficient attention. In some respects the notorious BROADHEAD is found to be not without promising rivals in crime. There was almost a struggle among the Sheffield villains for the honour of murdering a poor woman, Mrs. O'Rourke, a victim of Sheffield justice utterly unconnected with Trades' Unions. She had the misfortune to lodge in the house of one WASTNIDGE, a workman obnoxious to the sacred Union interest. This WASTNIDGE was blown up, and in the *melee* O'Rourke was killed. The actual perpetrator of the murder was one RENSHAW, whose only compunction, after six years' meditation on his crime, is that he only got 5*l.* instead of a stipulated 6*l.* for the job. At this very moment, and before the Commissioners, to use his own indignant language, "I would now blow up" an accomplice, "CUTLER, a scamp who engaged to give me 6*l.* to blow up a man, and then only to give me 5*l.*" It is distinctly proved that this 5*l.* came from the acting Secretary of one of the Unions. And what makes the matter more atrocious is that a person named THOMPSOX was tried for this very murder, and was all but convicted, while the real perpetrators were quite prepared to

[July 6, 1867.]

see him hanged for a crime of which he was innocent. Parallel revelations prove that these atrocities are not confined to Sheffield, or even to England. With our Union principles we have exported Union practices; and a most intelligent American iron-master, Mr. HEWITT, who has lately been examined before the Commission on Trades' Unions sitting in London, announces that, during a strike at Pittsburg, "two" or three murders have taken place"; the result of which has been, and certainly a not unnatural one, that "not many "outsiders"—and outsiders are defined as "puddlers not "attached to the Union"—have been found willing to come to the works. Mr. HEWITT's evidence is valuable on another account, as illustrating the working of American institutions on the economical principles of trade which Unionism adopts and enforces. Mr. HEWITT seems to be a sound political economist, and personally adopts the principles of Free trade. But he says that the extreme doctrines of Protection alone find favour with the American Unionists and workmen generally. And "because of universal suffrage, a man who "thinks that he can get"—and he is agitating to get—"six "hours' wages for four hours' labour, votes for somebody who "will get such a law made for him." "With a state of "affairs in which a demagogue is much more powerful than "a statesman, this kind of legislation is the result of uni-versal suffrage," and if it goes on—that is, if the Protection policy of the United States is not reversed—the destruction of American manufactures is inevitable. Already the consequence is, that American employers generally are very uneasy, all their ironworks but two have been sold up, and, as a matter of fact, the trade has all but ceased to exist.

This, however, is what only concerns the future of trade generally. We must confine ourselves to facts which are at our own doors. As we said last week, the Unions are very reasonably alarmed. They are doing their best to clear themselves from the imputation which they say undeservedly attaches to their cause in consequence of the revelations at Sheffield. And here we must at once say that there are Unionists and Unionists. This difference in the workmen came out strongly at the great meeting held on Tuesday at Exeter Hall. Nothing, we frankly and gladly admit, could be in a nobler spirit than the language of some of the speakers. They are honest Englishmen; they have not been brutalized, as the Sheffield Unionists are, by a long course of unpunished crime. They are not dead to the ordinary instincts of humanity. We know that Mr. WILLIAM ALLAN, of the Amalgamated Engineers, spoke from his heart when he said that if trade societies were to depend for their maintenance on murder and violence, and to be upheld by crime, the sooner they ceased to exist the better for the world. Again, we accept in all sincerity the warm and honest language of Mr. APPLEGARTH, who observed that not only must the Unions offer rewards for the detection of the perpetrators of outrages—as BROADHEAD did; not only protest—as BROADHEAD did; but drag the criminals to the bar of justice. But it is just because this is not the language of the Union authorities generally, and because at Sheffield even at this moment the detection of every new crime is considered rather as a good joke than anything else, that we have our misgivings. What the Union apologists say seems to be something of this sort:—No doubt rapine, rattening, burglary, and murder are most unjustifiable things, but still the Unions must be protected by the law. At present they have no legal security for holding and dispensing their funds. This they claim at the hands of the Legislature. Under a legalized system, they argue, such things as the customs of Sheffield could not exist. But this is just what BROADHEAD himself claimed. If, said he, Parliament would but let us impose our trade rules—that is, make fines, expulsions, terrorizing the masters, abridging the hours of labour, limiting the number of apprentices and amount of labour to be done by the highest class of workmen, legal by-laws of all Trade Societies—we should not be compelled to resort to the *douce violence* of blowing up and murdering our fellow-creatures. But this is just precisely what no civilized community ever can legalize, and therefore the conclusion seems to be irresistible that, as the Unions will never get this, they must—so their apologists argue—go on as they do go on. How they go on is admitted. Mr. HOWELL says, and with entire truth, that rattening must have been known to every man in Sheffield, and that when they also knew that murders were committed for trade purposes, and paid for out of trade funds, they ought to have broken up their societies. And further, that if the accounts had been properly looked to, the funds of the Unions would not have been expended on trade outrages. But the Sheffield workmen did not interfere with rattening; they did not object to the murders; they did not

abandon the Unions; they found it convenient not to know too much about their expenditure; they preferred to make no inquiries about the policy of BROADHEAD and his brother Secretaries. The thing that has been will be. Picketting is only rattening in the bud, and terrorizing tailoresses is nothing less than explosions and murders half-grown. Still we must do justice to such a person as ODGERS, who may be taken as a fair representative of those who complain of writers who connect the Union principle with these crimes. He is only a half-educated person, and can scarcely be expected to see the force of the question.

Something else must be said about such a man as Professor BEESLY. He has had the best education this country could give him, he occupies a post which implies the qualifications of a teacher, and he is connected with an important institution whose province is to educate. His language may be, as it is, contemptible and loathsome, but his station makes it in a sense important. This person at Exeter Hall had the effrontery, after a sneering allusion to "the excellent sentiments" of men in all moral honesty so much his superiors as Messrs. ALLAN and APPLEGARTH, to hint that quite enough—and he evidently felt more than enough—had been said about BROADHEAD and his murders. "Murder," says the Professor—is he Professor of the humanities or the moralities?—"by Trades' Unionists is no better and no worse than any other "murder." To say nothing of the folly of this speech—which implies that all murders are equal in criminality, which is a rank absurdity, or else that the Sheffield murders are equal in guilt only to the least criminal of murders, a sentiment which may be left to natural feeling—Mr. Professor BEESLY goes on to take care not to be misunderstood. Though "he is no apologist for murder," he says that the Marlborough Street magistrates have legally committed more outrages than BROADHEAD had done. This sensible sentiment is only something more wicked than what BROADHEAD said when he hypocritically observed that FEARNEHOUGH was almost equal in guilt to FEARNEHOUGH's would-be murderers. Mr. BEESLY improves upon this, and would consider them worse. But this is not all. This is only nonsense; but when Mr. BEESLY says that Governor EYRE is as great a murderer as BROADHEAD, and that "his hands are red "with the blood of 400 men murdered in the interest of "employers, just as BROADHEAD committed his murders in the "interest of the working-men at Sheffield," we must say that he is not only guilty of an atrocious calumny, that he not only perverts notorious facts, but that he insults his audience as well as common sense. The meeting at Exeter Hall knew as well as Mr. BEESLY knew that the Jamaica planters in no sense constituted Governor EYRE their agent and representative, or entrusted him with the administration of their funds, that Governor EYRE had no trade interests to serve in the matter, and that for his zeal "the BROADHEAD of Jamaica" got cashiered by those who really were his "employers," the Home Government. And it is needless to show that there is not the remotest analogy between the zeal, if it were in excess, of one who was only attempting to vindicate his office and discharge his commission, and to prevent what he believed would be a bloody extermination of a whole race—who was the high functionary entrusted with the preservation of law and life, and who acted in pursuance of powers with which he was solemnly and responsibly entrusted as an officer of justice, and punished crimes which he firmly believed had been committed—and such a perfused, lying, hypocritical scoundrel as BROADHEAD. Governor EYRE may have acted with rash and culpable violence; but BROADHEAD is a murderer, and the hirer of murderers; a thief who stole moneys committed to his honourable keeping; a liar who affected to deplore the "hellish" crimes which he had himself purchased; the very scorn and refuse of mankind, whose name cannot be mentioned without loathing, and whose memory will be a lasting disgrace to England.

LAYING EGGS.

IT is a great question whether men or hens make most noise over the laying of an egg. We are in the habit of looking down with supreme contempt on the ridiculous fuss and folly of a hen in not taking life more quietly. Why she should be so clamorous is inconceivable, unless it be to annoy other hens who are less oviparous; for, indeed, if there are hens who never lay, their bitter consciousness of incompetency must be considerably aggravated by the clatter and cackle of the hens who do. It is singular, if hens dislike the process, that Providence should have seen fit to condemn them to it as a piece of almost daily discipline and probation. If they do not dislike it, why attract so much attention to an unimportant operation? We see no answer at all

July 6, 1867.]

The Saturday Review.

9

to this dilemma, unless it be the answer that hens do not make more fuss over their eggs than any other of their fellow-creatures. We all do it, and we all are designed by a wise and benevolent nature to do it; and the invariable persuasion of a man, that the egg just laid by him is immensely superior to all that have ever been turned out before, is one of the simple substantial pleasures given us to alleviate the monotony of life. Fortunately for our own happiness and self-content, we fall easily and pleasantly into a delusion common to the race, and forfeit our right to criticize severely the vanity and ostentation of the hen. We begin early to set about it. It is perhaps one of the weak points in our ordinary education that we are encouraged from the outset, by those who have the charge of our development, to lay our eggs with as much publicity as possible. A schoolboy's early eggs are the subject of unlimited admiration among all his family. His Latin verses, his gold medals, and his long scores at cricket are chronicled at home by a knot of affectionate enthusiasts, none of whom appear to be conscious of the fact that there have been schoolboys before Agamemnon, and that there will be schoolboys after him. When a youthful prodigy wakes up some fine morning to the consciousness that he is the subject of self-congratulation to his aunts, it is difficult for him to cure himself of the idea that laying eggs is a grand and splendid performance. From that hour he takes kindly to the business; and at school or college, not to say in his ultimate career in life, cares about little else. Every family, however humble, has its egg-laying member. His first prize, his first sermon, his first brief, and his maiden speech in Parliament are historical events. Whatever he does is invariably received as a phenomenon, to be noted with white chalk, and when we consider the satisfaction every human egg gives to a large circle of relations and acquaintances, we shall not feel disposed to look unkindly on the natural complacency with which the author of it surveys his work.

The belief that our own eggs are indescribably more precious than any others is possibly one of the many gentle delusions by which nature leads on men and women, and especially young men and women, to do their work in life with enthusiasm and animation. Among the eggs of which we are usually extremely proud are, for example, our past experiences, whether spiritual or sentimental. We are never tired of keeping diaries and writing letters and volumes upon the subject of these internal sensations. We table and catalogue them as carefully as if they were arrow-heads for the British Museum, or coins from Asia Minor. We are quite confident that nobody ever went through so fiery, or so sweet, or so bitter an ordeal before. No one ever loved as we have loved, or hated as we have hated, or has been persecuted so terribly, or has had the same sort of pious feelings in his soul. Few books of travels of the ordinary stamp would ever be published if the gay or the fair travellers, according to their sex, had not been intimately persuaded that their tour was a European event, and that the innkeepers and mules across whom they have come are innkeepers and mules of an exceptionally interesting sort. What happens in the case of the travellers happens to all of us about the phenomena of our inner nature. Never has any other like ourselves, we feel assured, communed so sensibly with angels, felt such potent difficulties and doubts, known so intimately all the changes on the many-stringed instruments of hope or anxiety or despair, or lived so thoroughly in every phase and mood possible to life. At an early period young people begin to feel what a loss it would be to the world if they were not to jot down all the wonderful things in heaven and earth of which they have been the privileged spectators. Like the woman in the parable, each calls his friends and neighbours together and says to them, "Behold this egg that I have laid." Every volume of youthful poems, every gushing and romantic novel, every young crusader's trumpet peal to alarm or awaken a sleeping race, is in reality nothing more or less than the private and authentic history of an egg. It is the orthodox way of relating sensations so novel and so interesting that we think they can never have happened to any one else except ourselves. Nor is it to be forgotten that it is pre-eminently one of the diseases of genius to see, magnified as it were into giant dimensions and projected upon clouds like the shadow of the Brocken, all the little events of life. Beatrice and Frederika might have gone through life like any other women, but they met each of them a poet, who invested everything he saw and felt with unnatural importance, and turned every ordinary event into a great picture and work of art. It is not only, therefore, one of the frailties and vanities of commonplace people to make a fuss over the laying of their eggs. The eggs that genius lays may be better worth laying, but it is undeniable that the cackle of genius over its egg is far the loudest cackle of all.

The fashion in which persons are affected by their amatory experiences is a remarkable instance of the excitement shown by every human being over his own egg. If we could but survey the matter impartially, we should easily bring ourselves to see how very common and very natural a circumstance it is that at one period of their lives young people should fall in love. It is not as if it were a mark of extraordinary distinction, or of intellectual power, or of piety, or generosity, or any other virtue, to do so. The tendency is as common and as universal as hunger or as sleep. There is in reality nothing at all distinguished about it. The fever has its little differences in different cases; some are affected by it more mildly than the rest; but at any rate it is a cosmopolitan fever, which knocks at the door of the rich and the poor alike. This being so, it is very odd that,

when men or women fall in love, they should firmly believe in the unprecedented interest of their own proceedings. One can understand why nature fosters the kindly deception, and the objects which the deception may serve in the providential plans of the world; but it is very funny that nobody should ever find out that being in love is a very commonplace and by no means an extraordinary achievement. Every year probably several hundred novels pass through the circulating libraries on the subject. There is nothing on earth to say or to describe about the thing which has not been described thousands of times; yet it is obvious that all the enthusiastic authors write under a vague sort of idea that they are describing something fresh, which has never been described in precisely the same way. Author after authoress, who has had a sweet dream of being picked out of her corner by a pious nobleman who likes brown eyes and a big intellect, comes forward and lays her egg with much solemnity, and in the simplest good faith. If she had eyes and ears, one would imagine she could not fail to see how often the same egg had been laid before. But she never does see it, any more than the young poet, who is always rhyming about dooms and glooms and tombs, perceives that both rhyme and sentiment are as old as the hills, and have found their place in every set of lyrics of the soul since lyrics of the soul were first invented. This vague instinct of individual importance is perhaps one of the most curious and apparently least reasoning feelings which we have implanted in us. There are so many millions of mankind, and so many millions who have preceded or who are to follow them, that the sensations of individual consciousness, however interesting as a scientific study, might well seem trivial and commonplace in the extreme, except so far as they throw light on human nature. The wonderful thing is, that each individual of these millions holds to his own sensations and experiences, not as if they were part of a wave or a law to which he, in common with the rest of his kind, was submitting, but as if each of them was a special revelation given exclusively to himself. The fact by which he chooses to stand or fall as a being of interest and importance, so far from being a differential mark to distinguish him from his species, is in reality nothing but a specimen of what he shares with all alike. The interesting hero himself thinks it the very stamp and seal of his superior manhood, and of his nobility of nature. A wiser philosopher might see in it nothing but a type and instance of the temperament of humanity. When we examine those internal sensations which convince us so powerfully of the immortal individuality and interest of our own self, it is strange that they often turn out to be sensations closely connected with the most perishable part of our frame. Vanity and folly, passion and egotism, no less than reason and religion, go to form the sense we entertain of our permanent importance. Take from the beauty her face and figure, her desire to please, and her passion to enjoy a fleeting life, and you take from her the very foundations on which individuality is insensibly built up. The facts of our consciousness which seem to us the most peculiar to ourselves, as well as the most stable, are thus often the very facts which are most grossly material, most evanescent, and most common to the kind. That we should pride ourselves on such a sort of egg at all is remarkable; still more is it remarkable that upon the laying of such eggs we should base our favourite arguments in favour of our individual dignity and worth.

The anxiety to prove that our own egg is the one genuine article, and that it ranks very high on the list of contemporary eggs, is a passion so prevalent that we usually, in dealing with one another, accept it and make allowances for it. As everybody has a fair prospect of getting his own egg looked at in turn before he dies, it may be said, roughly speaking, that we are all of us in the same boat. This would be so but for the principle of association, which tells very heavily against those who are not accustomed to it. One man's egg might have an equal chance with another's, if it were not for the establishment everywhere of Egg Companies Limited, which are founded on the principle of every member admiring every other member's egg as well as his own. To those who are outside the partnership this system is ruinous and distressing in the highest degree. No solitary and isolated egg can stand up against it for an hour. And these terrible confederacies meet us at every turn in life. Scotland used to be thought a famous country for them, chiefly owing to the astonishing insight and familiarity which in that happy land every one possesses into and with his neighbours' affairs. But the Scotch are not worse than anybody else. They are not worse, for example, than artists. Egg Companies strictly limited are quite the rule in art. There is the Egg Company Limited that likes red hair and apple blossoms. Everybody knows how faithfully they adhere to the principle of admiring one another's eggs. Then there is the Egg Company Limited which dislikes red hair and never paints apples. They are equally select. There is the Egg Company Limited at South Kensington, all of whom are always lost in wonder at the eggs of Mr. Cole and of the late Prince Consort. In the same way, architecture and music, poetry and literature, all have their similar fraternities of guilds; and it is completely shown by all experience that it is no use at all attempting to travel about the country with a single egg. Union in eggs, as in everything else, must carry the day. So certain is this, that some acute persons have come to the sober and saddening conclusion that perhaps the simplest way of getting on in life is not to have an egg at all. For those who have none there are two courses which lead equally to fame and honour. The first is to take somebody else's egg. This is a simple expedient, but often a successful one. The second is a device modelled strictly on the

precedent of a well-known species of hen, which is always loudly pretending to be in the very act of laying an egg, without ever laying any. Those who ever have tried the recipe know how easy and delightful it is of execution. As far as convenience and comfort go, far above all human birds who lay eggs is the mysterious and inscrutable old bird who never did lay an egg, and never means to do so.

THE CURATE'S PROGRESS.

THIERE are few beings whose existence has been so little studied, and the process of whose development remains so mysterious to the outer world, as the stipendiary curate. Here and there, indeed, one hears a passing expression of wonder how the hero of a hundred street-fights has crystallized into the staid figure in cassock and biretta, or a groan of astonished impatience when the well-known face that one has plucked so often across the table in the schools looks down upon its baffled persecutors from the serene heights of the pulpit. But life is too short for the solution of every outlying mystery, and, as a general rule, our curiosity stops short at the vestry-door. And yet, historically, ecclesiastically, or socially, the stipendiary curate is really worth a few moments' investigation. Historically, there is this special interest about him, that he is peculiarly the product of our own day; whatever ground for pride or humility there may be in the thought, it is certain that his very existence in its present shape is entirely owing to the ecclesiastical activity and legislation of the last few years. We say in its present shape, because the name itself is, as every reader knows, as old as the Prayer-book, but the curate of the Prayer-book is a being of very different rank and dignity from the curate of the Clergy List. He may be rector or vicar or incumbent—any one, in short, with a distinct cure of souls; any one save a bishop, or the clerical assistant who has usurped and wholly monopolized this largest and most generic of all clerical names. Neither Prayer-book nor law, indeed, seems to have conceived the possibility of a clergyman's existence who was merely the paid and temporary assistant of another clergyman in the charge of his cure. Perhaps the "lecturers" whom the Puritan party before the Great Rebellion attempted to establish as a preaching order in the Church supply the earliest precedent for his existence—so far, at least, as his license to preach is concerned; but they were generally suppressed as interlopers by their opponents, nor do the Puritans themselves seem to have regarded them as assistants in their parochial charge. Baxter never dreamt of aid in the pastoral ministrations of his model parish of Kidderminster. The "young Levite" meets us frequently in the literature of the seventeenth century, but with Pope or Swift it is still the nobleman's chaplain or the squire's dependent, never the rector's. It is to the non-residence of the next age that we owe the curate, as to the non-residence of former generations we owe the vicar and the minor canon; the curate arose to occupy the parsonage and discharge the duties of the absent pluralist, as the vicar stood in the place of the lay or monastic rector, and the minor canon in that of the idle prebendary. But if he owes his birth to the system of pluralities, he owes his present shape to their abolition. No sooner had the old reason for his existence passed away than a new reason was found in the increase of clerical duties which resulted from the growth of population and the pressure of religious opinion, and in the increase of religious services which was required by the law. In this last stage of his historic progress the curate entered on a wholly new form of existence. From a person holding the modified cure of souls which passed to him from an imbecile or non-resident incumbent, he faded into the mere shadow and assistant of a resident incumbent, without any separate cure or ecclesiastical personality whatever. It is to this recent appearance, this birth out of due time, that the curate owes the want of respect or appreciation of his position at the hands of the public, and the singular denial of all right and protection to him at the hands of the law. It is one of the standing difficulties in a parish to secure their proper position for the assistant-clergy; and even in more critical circles it is amusing to see how often the complaint against preaching resolves itself into a growl at being "put off with a sermon from the curate." But his legal position is a far more serious hardship. Legally, the curate is nothing more than a "help" supplied by the bishop to any incumbent needing it, on terms with which—save in the matter of stipend—the "help" has nothing to do. Theoretically, this position has a certain dignity and independence; but the boast of being "the bishop's curate and not the rector's" covers in fact a complete absence of rights with regard to either. The bishop can dismiss him without reason given, and with no redress for the dismissal save in a wholly illusory appeal; while a quarrel with the rector simply brings to light the necessity that one of the two must leave the parish, and the discovery that the curate is the moveable factor in the problem. It is to the same circumstance of his having appeared so late on the ecclesiastical stage that the curate owes his singular constitutional position. The constitutional law of the Church knows nothing of him; he has no vote for the Convocation that professes to represent his class, nor has any one found time as yet to listen to his cry for enfranchisement. His position is, indeed, so peculiar that, if Professor Rogers is about to raise again the question of the right of the clergy to sit in Parliament, we commend to him the stipendiary curate as his strongest argument. He is, we suppose, the only person who cannot possibly sit in either Parliament or Convocation. He is

a clergyman, and as such is ineligible for the House of Commons; he is not a beneficed clergyman, and so is ineligible for the Lower House of Convocation.

But if the historical progress of the curate produces these very odd results, his social and ecclesiastical progress produces, in him, a result odder still. There is no doubt that the world wonders a little more at him than it wonders at the beneficed parson. Not that the beneficed parson does not present the same strange contrast of a life which is at once common and peculiar—which, like that of the Jew of the middle ages, lies just outside the ordinary social circle and yet is always edging on to it—but that in the curate the contrast takes its most glaring form. As a rule, he is far more distinct in his statements of priestly dignity and a far better croquet-player than his rector. He has all the energy and desire to throw himself into his new position which distinguishes the neophyte, and yet in the midst of all this exaggeration there is still the tone and aroma of the world which he has left. The parson who has been twenty years in orders is not one-half so clerical, but he is twice as distinctively a clergyman, as his curate of five years' standing. He has quietly grown into the world of thoughts and ideas which his younger brother is so earnestly plunging into, and if he makes less fuss about them it is because they are natural to him and still strange to the curate. The Church and the world are still wrestling for mastery in the breast of the latter, and this doubleness of nature makes him the more interesting of the two. It would of course be impertinent in us to enter on the more serious side of the process of clerification; we hardly know indeed whether a faint tinge of sacrilege may not attach itself to any criticism of the clerical coat. But it is certain that clothes are a most powerful agency in the production of curates. The bishop's chaplain who has sighed over the levity of his candidates for ordination looks forward with a just hope to the sobering effect of their daily costume. Its gloom, its ugliness, its association in idea with the business of an undertaker, its curious dash of Quakerism in buttons and collars, its complete transformation of the person within it, all tell on the young curate. He feels that he is still a man, but that he is not as other men. He is a man with a difference, as the heralds would put it. And the sharpness of the isolation which is begun here is all the keener that the clergy are the only class that isolate themselves in this way. The barrister does not wear his wig over his tea-table, and the doctor has given up his gold-headed cane. It is simply bad taste in a member of any other learned profession if by talk or costume he obtrudes his own particular occupation on the notice of men in general. But the young curate finds himself pledged by the very cut of his coat to be a curate from morning till night. Society, which so rigidly denies any license of distinction to any other class, imposes it in a thousand minute laws on him. Nothing is quite denied him, but everything is given with a difference. He may ride, but not hunt; if he dances, it must be very cautiously; and his laugh must be a little softer than other men's. But then, if the curate finds himself marked off from the world, the world has become in his own consciousness very oddly marked off from him. All nations in their earlier development mass together the world without them under some distinctive name; to the Teuton all without Teutonism was Welsh, to the Jew all without Judaism is Gentile. And so all that lay without the three learned professions, branches as they were of the great stem of the Church, was "lay." The doctor has long disused the term; with the barrister it is a mere bit of law-court jargon; but with the curate it becomes a word of daily life. His friends, his associates, his very mother and father, are "laity." The business, the politics, the amusements of society around him are "secular." Men and women cease to exist for him, as far as phraseology is concerned; his parish comprises some thousands, not of men, but of "souls." Now, next to the power of costume, there is nothing so influential on a man's way of looking at things as a conventional phraseology. The curate feels that his talk differs from other people's talk, and he talks other people's talk less and less. If he is a weak man, he feels the attraction of caste; if he is a strong man, his strength generally takes the form of an energetic resolve to fling himself into his work. Either way he is drifting further and further from the world around him, into a new world of clerical thought and clerical men.

If we turn to the croquet-curate, it is because he is the typical instance of a very different process going on in the curate's mind from the clerification of which we have been speaking, and because he points us most directly to the influence which chiefly counteracts it. Woman is the great centrifugal force of clerical life. If his coat and his talk cut him off from the sympathy of men, they open up to the curate a sympathy which seems to more than compensate him for the loss. Society, which fetters him by a thousand new laws, breaks down for him a thousand old ones. The sternest mother relaxes in her precautions before the spell of a white tie, and the giddiest flirts soften down into district-visitors. There is indeed a charm about a flirtation with a curate which few ordinary flirtations possess. In the first place, it is not merely "wrong," as all flirtations are wrong, but it has about it the subtle flavour of a special naughtiness. To lead into the ways of lightness and frivolity, not a mere heavy guardsman, but the white-robed creature who intoned so beautifully last Sunday, to listen to soft nothings from lips that still tremble with "dearly beloved," has about it a sort of sacrilegious piquancy. There is an incomprehensible attraction about dark and mysterious crime; it is not that one wishes to have committed it, but even the whitest souls will long to know how one feels after having committed

it. And here, in this earthly realization of the Loves of the Angels, a girl feels that she is on the brink of a naughtiness all the more awful that it is unlike any mere secular naughtiness. But then, in the second place, it is not merely wrong—it is so strictly right. It is impossible that such a being should do anything wrong—at least anything *very* wrong. And then the flirtation itself shades off into religion by such very easy transitions; the sermon-case, the embroidered stole—it is difficult to disentangle the affections of earth and of heaven in them. Lastly, it is so perfectly safe. A curate is too poor to marry, he is too good to dream of an elopement; in a word, he is a perfect partner at croquet. And croquet, and sermon-cases, and those flirtation-chats, half-sentiment, half-piety, work their work on the curate. If they do not prevent his clericalism, they save the abruptness of the plunge. They prevent his losing all hold on the world and its sympathies. Many a curate's sermon is all the better and wiser and more human for his croquet of the Saturday afternoon. There is a ring of real flesh and blood about it which he would never have learnt from his "Hodgson's Guide."

AMBITIOUS WIVES.

THE recent death of Mrs. Proudie, who was so well known and so little loved by the readers of Mr. Trollope's novels, is one of those occasions which ought not to be allowed to pass away without being improved. To many men it will suggest many things. She was a type. As a type ought to be, she was perfect and full-blown. But her characteristics enter into other women in varying degrees, and with all sorts of minor colours. The Proudie element in wives and women is one of those unrecognised yet potent conditions of life which master us all, and yet are admitted and taken into calculation and account by none. It is in the nature of things that such an element should exist, and should be powerful in this peculiar and oblique way. We deny women the direct exercise of their capacities, and the immediate gratification of an overt ambition. The natural result is that they run to artifice, and that a good-natured husband is made the conductor between an ambitious wife and the outer world where the prizes of ambition are scrambled for. He is the wretched buffer through which the impetuous forces of his wife impinge upon his neighbours. That is to say, he leads an uneasy life between two ever colliding bodies, being equally misunderstood and equally reviled by either. This is the evil result of a state of things in which natural distinctions and conventional distinctions are a very long way from coinciding. The theory is that women are peaceful domestic beings, with no object beyond household cares, no wish nor will outside the objects of the man and his children, no active opinion or concern in the large affairs of the State. Every man, on the other hand, is supposed to have views and principles about public topics, and to be anxious to make more or less of a figure in the enforcement of his views, to exercise in some shape an influence among his fellows, and to win renown of one sort or another. Of course if this division of the male and female natures covered the whole ground, society would be in a very well-balanced state, and things would go on very smoothly in consequence of the perfect equilibrium established by the exceeding contentedness of women and the constant activity and ambition of men. But a very small observation of life is quite enough to disclose how ill the facts correspond with the accepted hypothesis about them. We are constantly being told of some aspiring man that he is, in truth, no more than the representative of an aspiring wife. He would fain live his life in dignified or undignified serenity, and cares not a jot for a seat in the House of Commons, or for being made a bishop, or for any of those other objects which allure men out of a tranquil and independent existence. But he has a wife who does care for these things. She cannot be a member of Parliament or a bishop in her own person, but it is something to be the wife of somebody who can be these things. A part of the glory of the man is reflected upon the head of the woman. She receives her reward in a second-hand way, but still it is glory of its own sort. She becomes a leading lady in a provincial town, and during the season in town she is asked out to houses which she is very eager to get into, and of which she can talk with easily assumed familiarity when she returns to the provinces again. She is presented at Court too, and this makes her descend to the provincial plain with an aroma of celestial dignity like that of Venus when she descended from Olympus. A bishop's wife is still more amply rewarded. Without being so imperious as the late Mrs. Proudie was, she has still a thousand of those opportunities for displaying power which are so dear to people who are fictitiously supposed to be too weak to care for power. Minor canons, incumbents, curates, and all their wives, pay her profound deference; or, if they do not, she can "put the screw on" in a gushing manner which is exceedingly effective.

There are women, it is true, with souls above these light social matters. They do not particularly value the privilege of figuring as lady-patroness of a ball or bazaar, or the delights of trampling on a curate, or of being distantly adored by the wife of a minor canon. But they really have an interest in politics, or in some one or two special departments of that comprehensive subject. They would like to pass an Act of Parliament making it a capital offence for any guardian of the poor or relieving officer to refuse to give

the paupers as much as they should choose to ask for. Drainage is the strong point of some women. Sewage with them is the key to civilization. Perhaps most political women are actively interested in public affairs simply because they perceive that this is the most openly recognised sphere of influence and power; and what they yearn after is to be influential, and to stand on something higher than the ordinary level in the world, for no other reason than that it is higher than the ordinary level. Nobody has any right to find fault with this temper, provided the ladies who are possessed by it do not mistake mere domineering for the extraordinary elevation after which they aspire. It is through this temper, whether in one sex or the other, that the world is made better. If a certain number of men and women were not ambitious, what would become of the rest of us who possess our souls in patience and moderation?

The only question is whether what we may call vicarious ambition, or aspirations by proxy, are particularly desirable forms of a confessedly useful and desirable sentiment. For the peace of mind of the man who is not ambitious, but is only pretending to be so, we may be pretty sure that the domestic stimulus has some drawbacks. We do not mean drawbacks after the manner of Mrs. Caudle. These show a coarse and vulgar conception of the goods which a man may have applied to him in his inner circle. There are moral and unheard reproofs. There is a consciousness in the mind of a man that his wife thinks him (with all possible affection and tenderness) rather a poor creature for not taking his position in the world. And if he happens to be a man of anything like fine sensibility, this will make him exceedingly uneasy. The uneasiness may then become sufficiently decided to make him willing to undergo any amount of labour and outlay, rather than endure the presence of this ethereal skeleton in the family closet. He is quite right. He could barely preserve his self-respect otherwise. But he is mistaken if he fancies that a single step or a single series of steps will demolish the skeleton entirely. One compliance with the ambition of his wife will speedily beget the necessity for another. It is notorious that a thoroughly aspiring man is never content without the prospect of scaling new heights. No more is an aspiring woman. Whether you are directly ambitious, as a man is, and for yourself, or indirectly and for somebody else, as a woman is, in either case the law is the same. New summits ever glitter in the distance. You have got your husband into the House of Commons. That glory suffices for a month. At the end of two months it seems a very dim glory indeed, and, having long been an end, it by this time sinks into the second place of a means. The sacrificial calf must next be made to speak. He must acquire a reputation. Here in a good many cases, we suspect, the process finally stops. A man may be got into the House, but the coveted exaltation of that atmosphere does not convert a quiet, peaceable, dull man into an orator. It does not give him ideas and the faculty of articulate speech. At this point, if he be wise, he draws the line. He endures the skeleton as best he may, or else his wife, quenching her ambition, resigns herself to incurable destiny, and learns to be content with the limits set by the fates to her lord's capacities. There are still certain fields open to her own powers, irrespective of what he is able to do. For example, she may open a *salon*, and there may exert unspeakable influence over all kinds of important people. This is not at present particularly congenial to English ground. As yet, the most vigorous intellectual people seem to have felt an active social life as something beneath them, and the highly social people have not been conspicuous for the activity of their intellectual life. The people who go so greatly to parties do not care for what they sum up, with an admirably comprehensive vagueness, as "intellect"; while, on the other hand, scholars and thinkers are wont to look on time given to society as something very like time absolutely wasted. In such a state of feeling, it is difficult for a clever woman to exercise much power. But, as other things improve, this unsocial feeling will dissolve. Clever men will see that a couple of hours spent with other clever men are not wasted just because a lady is of the party. Nobody would seriously maintain that this is so even now, but people are very often strongly under the influence of vague notions which they would never dream of seriously maintaining. When women get their rights, the *salon* will become an institution. It will create a very fine field for the cultivation of their talents. And in proportion as it allows a woman to make a career for herself, it will bring relief to many excellent husbands who will then no longer have to make careers for them at the expense of overstraining their own too slender powers. It is possible, however, that even then the husband of an ambitious wife may not be fully contented. For people with any degree of weakness or incapacity in them are always more prone than their neighbours to littlenesses and meannesses, and a man who is not able to win much renown on his own account may possibly not be too well pleased to see his wife surrounded by his intellectual betters. Indeed, he may even, if he is of a very mean nature indeed, resent the spectacle of her own predominance. It is some comfort to think that in such case the man's own temper will be his severest punishment.

As a rule, however, it is pleasant to think that with ambition in women, which is not their peculiarity, is yoked tact, which is their peculiarity emphatically. Hence, therefore, wives who are ambitious for their lords have often the discretion to conceal their mood. They may rule with a hand of iron, but the hand is sagely concealed in a glove of velvet. A man may be the creature of his wife's lofty projects, and yet dream all the time that he is

[July 6, 1867.]

altogether chalking out his own course. George II. used to be humoured in this way by Queen Caroline. Bishop Proudie, on the other hand, was ruled by his wife, and knew that he was a mere weapon in her hands; and, what was even worse than all, knew that the rest of mankind knew this. This must be uncommonly unpleasant, we should suppose. The middle position of the husband who only now and then suspects in a dreamy way that he is being prompted and urged on and directed by an ambitious wife, and has sense enough not to inflame himself with chimerical notions about the superiority and grandeur of the male sex—this perhaps is not so bad. If the tide of ambition runs rather sluggish in yourself, it is a plain advantage to have somebody at your side with enthusiasm enough to atone for the deficiency. It is impossible to tell how much good the world gets, which otherwise it would miss, simply out of the fact that women are discontented with their position. Now and then, it is understood, the husband who is thus made a mere conductor for the mental electricity of a wife who is too clever for him may feel a little bored, and almost wish that he had married a girl instead. But enthusiasm spreads, and in a general way the fervour of the wife who aspires to distinction proves catching to the husband. Some ladies are found to prefer this position to any other. They are full of power, and have abundance of room for energy, and yet they have no responsibility. They get their ample share of the spoil, and yet they do not bear the public heat and burden of the day. It is only the more martial souls among them for whom this is not enough.

THE FIRST OF JULY IN PARIS.

THERE was a oneness and completeness about the prize-day of the great Paris Exhibition which it would be the extreme perversity of cynicism to deny. Paris at its very best is a spectacle which not only Paris and France, but all the world, may gaze at with wonder and satisfaction. Any idea thoroughly and exhaustively realized is worth something more than a languid smile of affected interest. And France generally carries out an idea. The special French talent for organization, and the exquisite tact with which artistic taste intuitively suits details to a great conception, had in last Monday's pompous ceremony a fine occasion, and being put on its mettle, with all the world as spectators and critics, did ample justice to a noble opportunity. In England we affect to despise this sort of thing, but it is usually with that philosophic recurrence to first principles with which plain women discuss the charms and successes of female beauty. We here in London would be Paris if we could. It is rather with envy than with ascetic dignity that we read of the magnificence and poetry of the coronation of the King of Hungary, or of the blaze of splendour, the harmonies of colour, and the flashing of diamonds, the velvets and brocades, the sumptuous triumphs of art in every combination of gold and precious stones, enamels, and jewelled glass, which were presented to the eye in the Palace of Industry on the Seine—all blazing under the almost intolerable rage of sunlight such as marks only the few fortunate days of the calendar. After all, Monday's ceremony was the real end and object of the Exhibition. It was for France to show off, and France showed off splendidly. Let us not grudge nor disparage the success. It is not the highest triumph of humanity to be able, with unbounded means, to combine all that artistic decoration and courtly pomp and music and gorgeous attire have of the most beautiful and rare in a single *fête*, attended by the representatives of twenty centuries of civilization and progress. But it is something, and more than something, as a mere show. If all this is a barbarism, it is a barbarism which tells. Even philosophy teaches us that nature scatters the lavish beauties of form and colour not always with a utilitarian purpose; or rather, that beauty—merely to display beauty—is often, as in birds and flowers and shells and crystals, the object of material organization. There is no special use in the metallic lustre on the plumage of the humming-bird, and tropical blossoms blaze for the mere sake of being splendid. There is no reason why man should not follow this law of life. Possibly it is not the highest form of being; but that the fact is so is a sufficient reason for its being accepted and repeated.

The only thing to be quite sure of is, not to make this principle of magnificent display for the mere sake of display bear too much. It is noticeable that it is only in the lower ranks of the kingdom of being that nature is lavish of beauty for the mere sake of the beautiful. As we advance upward in the scale of created things, a certain severity and reserve seems to grow upon nature itself; and while man may be admitted to be the very perfection of this world's being, himself the microcosm, yet his imperial dignity does not consist in what merely strikes the external senses. This conclusion ought to lead us to give ceremony and stateliness its place, but at the same time to estimate that place at no more than its just value. France, and France's Emperor, and the good city of Paris, may be quite pardoned, and almost justified, if they exaggerate the value of their recent display. As display it is all first-rate, rounded off and elaborated with a fineness of thought, and delicacy of touch, and subtlety of loving care which we must frankly acknowledge. But when we are told that all this finery, not to say frippery, reveals and embodies "the whole world simultaneously launching itself in the infinite career of progress towards an ideal incessantly approached but never finally attained," even if we could admire this sonorous

talk, we seem to be listening to sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Like the Exhibition itself, the Emperor's speech is a striking show. Display for display's sake may well be capped and completed by talk for talk's sake. And the Imperial harangue admirably fulfilled its idea. There is a vast, hazy, subdued splendour, a sort of mystic glory, in those periods of rolling sound which seem to mean so much, and are so insignificant. The clouds are tinged with crimson and gold, but they are but clouds after all. Science, art, and industry; peoples and kings; civilization and peace; the federation of the world; the liberation of humanity; science celestializing matter, and gross earthly labour superseded, or about to be absorbed, by intellectual progress—these are fine words, and may embody fine thoughts, which we might admire if we could but understand them. But somehow there is a hollow and sophistical ring about them. They echo too much, and suggest a sense of hollowness. If this be the end and purpose of International Bazaars, and illustrated Treatises on Ethnology, how is it that our own national contribution to the Exhibition consists so much of munitions of war? How is it that so much interest centres round the competition in armoured ships, in rifled cannon, and in all the devilish devices of slaughter and blood? The ministers and priests of the sacred religion of humanity should have been white-robed pontiffs, not the Guides, and the Cent Gardes, not "the cavalry, infantry, and police," who lined every street and commanded every avenue, Peace and Fraternity anyhow took care to array themselves in martial uniform, and their procession and liturgy consisted of a martial army, an army, and the cannon's roar. Besides which, we cannot but remember that we have heard all this before—not perhaps so superbly spoken; and we have seen what it all comes to. We have had the Palace of Industry and the Temple of Concord and Humanity erected twelve years ago in Paris, and once and again in London, and once in New York; and reduced copies of the Sacred Edifice have sprung up and faded away in many a capital of Europe; and they all preached the same gospel, and made the same hopeful pledges, and announced the same blessings. Yet we have lived through three bloody wars in Europe; we have seen fratricidal strife and a more than civil war raging in the very paradise of industry across the Western seas; and we have witnessed one quiet Kingdom dismembered and an ancient Empire torn to pieces, and all for greed and ambition and passionate selfishness; and at this very moment Europe is armed to the teeth. We are preaching peace, and rehearsing and practising for war. The disarmament of all the nations of the world would be at least as intelligible a contribution to that "new era of harmony and progress" which is always just coming but never comes, as a competition in porcelain and hardware and breechloaders, and a living exhibition of all the drinking customs of the world.

No doubt the Emperor felt this incongruity, and he was astute enough to remember that he must hedge his position, and that France was the very last among "the peoples" to practise this pretty talk. "The fibre of the French nation is always ready to vibrate as soon as the question of honour and the country arises"; and this "noble susceptibility" would in an instant brush away those glowing aspirations about sympathy, and brotherhood, and Astræa's return. This noble susceptibility, to be sure, has been of late more susceptible than successful. France has not been fortunate in that susceptibility which has more than once taken the form of annexation; and France has planted French ideas in Mexico only to see them fall away in the unpleasant form of a dethroned and murdered Emperor. Did Maximilian's spectre rise as Napoleon spoke of the honour of France? And if France, sated with theatrical pomps, should take to ideas by way of change, the fibre of the nation may vibrate towards its neighbour's landmarks. It is not because the Emperor has acted as graceful host to the King of the Belgians and the Sultan that the Rhine frontier question and the Eastern question will never be mooted. It is undoubtedly an incident in the world's history that the Commander of the Faithful has so far modified the fundamental principles of Islam that he has consented to be the guest of the Giaour, but it remains to be seen whether this very intelligible act of Occidentalism will be quite appreciated by what remains of the fierce fanaticism of the Turk in Turkey.

The Emperor has, moreover, to look at home. This very feasting and banqueting has not been without the handwriting on the wall. The pistol-flash of the regicide Pole must have disturbed the Belshazzars of the day; other fibres than those of France vibrate and throb to other emotions than those of national honour. The greatness and grandeur of France are incalculable; but from the splendour of the present great show the Emperor concludes, not only France's grandeur and prosperity, but its freedom. Liberty, then, seems to follow as a thing of course, because French skill has gathered together this fine Exhibition, and French industry and art have not only held their own, but distanced perhaps their competitors. It is for France to say how she accepts, or how long she will accept, this easy argument. There are minds, or fibres—which we suppose, in the Imperial jargon, means minds—vibrating towards a sort of liberty, a liberty of thought, speech, and writing, which, somehow or other, they are perverse enough to prefer to M. Barbedienne's splendid bronzes, or even to the Emperor's own success in the "Tenth Group." Nor is this all. Though industry and manufacture have achieved this Parisian triumph, is it not possible that there may be misgivings about the permanence or vitality of even trade and industry itself? There are Frenchmen who can quite understand, and who are marking—

with what feelings we do not say—what is revealed to our Sheffield Inquisitors and the Royal Commission on Trades' Unions. Amongst those English ideas which France has imported, that of Strikes and Unions is one; and France is a soil in which this sort of idea very rapidly fecundates. If that notion of industry and industrial duties which prevails in England and America spreads as it seems to be doing, the greatest display of modern civilization in the way of trade and industry is likely enough, for the most practical of reasons, to be the last.

LORD LYONS AND LORD BELMORE.

TWO recent appointments illustrate the different principles which regulate promotions in the diplomatic and the colonial services respectively. Lord Lyons succeeds Lord Cowley as our Ambassador at Paris; and the Earl of Belmore succeeds Sir John Young as Governor-General of Australasia. Of the former it may well be said that he has earned the advancement which he has attained. His long service, commencing years back with the English Legation at Athens, though a conspicuous recommendation, is by no means the first that calls for mention or reward. Neither do his pretensions rest on the ground that part of his service has been cast in the lower posts of the profession to the heights of which he has now ascended. These considerations indeed involve claims which it would be unfair to forget, and which it is unusual to overlook in the Foreign Department. But he has others stronger than these. The four or five years during which he represented Great Britain at the capital of the United States were equivalent to a quarter of a century in the life of an average diplomatist. They were years of unceasing anxiety and arresting activity. They exacted from him, not only the ordinary duties of the diplomatic profession, but also the extraordinary qualities of a trustworthy, patient, catholic-minded statesman. It is not an easy thing at any time for any man to represent his country at Washington; but the difficulties of the position, great in every case, are by far the most overpowering in the case of him who represents England there. The irritable sensitiveness of the American character, the chameleon-like mobility of American opinion, the nervous excitability of American prejudices, and their anti-English tendency at all times and under all circumstances, make the position of an English representative at Washington one of anxiety and unpleasantness. Then, too, there are the manners and customs of American statesmen and Cabinet Ministers—men who often embody the most unctuous demeanour of a people of whom but few are ever courtly; men who diversify the semi-barbarous wildness of the far-West settlements with the astuteness peculiar to the civilization of the Eastern States; men who have learned by experience the comparative excellencies of the Irish dodge, the American Eagle dodge, and the British Lion dodge—in fact, of every artifice by which the susceptibilities of political parties may be roused and worried—and whose rule of conduct in all matters relating to England is determined either by a hatred or by a jealousy of her. In ordinary times, collision—for contact often unavoidably becomes collision—with these men is a severe trial both of temper and of self-respect. But what must it have been in time of civil war, and such a civil war as raged four years ago in the United States! The nation was disjointed and dismembered—one part looking with anxious hope, the other with anxious fear, to the policy of England; the one feeling that the integrity of the Union and the unity of the people depended upon her, the other knowing that on her friendliness hung the realization of a long-cherished independence and the creation of a separate nationality. The minds of men, both in the Northern and the Southern States, wavered with each day's news, and doubted into which scale of that trembling balance they should throw their weight. Such was the state of things while Lord Lyons was Ambassador at Washington. It was apprehended that, animated by a desire to redeem past failures, encouraged by the example and persuaded by the solicitations of France, England might take the opportunity to break up the power of a formidable rival, to divide an encroaching Government into two hostile camps, and to secure for herself in all future time the alternative of one staunch ally on the Continent of the Western World. To those who judged the conduct of States by the ordinary conduct of individuals, it seemed possible that England might exact a tremendous indemnity for the frauds of the two Boundary disputes, and for the aggression on San Juan. At such crisis the difficulties of an English Minister were necessarily complicated and increased. His every action was watched with vigilance; his every appeal on behalf of his countrymen was regarded with suspicion; his explanations were received with incredulity, and his whole position made as disagreeable as possible. It would be an exaggerated, and therefore an unflattering, compliment to Lord Lyons to say that in his person no slights were endured by the English Government, and that under his protection the rights of every English subject were uniformly respected. If we are to judge by the past and the present, it will be long before respect and courtesy so general will be shown by the Government of the United States to the Government and people of England. This, however, is true, and it is a truth which redounds to the permanent honour of Lord Lyons. No man ever more honestly, more faithfully, or more laboriously discharged the difficult duties of a singularly difficult position than he did. Working harder than any clerk, he

left nothing of even secondary importance to be transacted by subordinates. He gave up days and nights to long and complicated correspondence, which often related to the private concerns of very humble English subjects. Charged, by a Government cautious beyond precedent, to maintain in every act and attitude the most unqualified neutrality, he never penned a document or uttered a word which could justly wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive nation by the faintest inuendo of partisanship. Received sometimes coldly, sometimes angrily and almost rudely, he never allowed affronts or ill-breeding to betray him into ill-humour. When he was conveying the ultimatum of his Government on the *Trent* affair, he exhibited as little heat and passion as when he forwarded the petition of a British subject who had been irregularly pressed into the Northern army. The words of Cicero are literally applicable to his labours:—"Hanc urbanam militiam respondendi, scribendi, cavendi, plenam sollicitudinis ac stomachi, secutus est: jus civile edidicit; multum vigilavit; laboravit; presto multis fuit; multorum stultitiam perpessus est; arrogantium pertulit; difficultatem exsorbit; vixit ad aetorum arbitrium, non ad suum." The fruits of a temper and a patience like this were just what they might have been expected to be. On the minds of all Americans except those who were determined to be displeased and disgusted at everything English—who were equally soured by the demands of England in the affair of the *Trent*, and by her studied neutrality afterwards—on the minds of American statesmen whose whole energies were concentrated on the gigantic conflict which they were conducting, Lord Lyons left an impression which has become more and more favourable as the clouds and mists of that tempestuous epoch are clearing away. It is perhaps not too much to say that few other men beside Lord Lyons could, in such an *aestus* of national passion, have kept the leading statesmen of the North on equally good terms with himself, and have preserved relations as friendly as those which now exist between the two Governments. A man who has done what he has done has done his work, and earned his honours as a diplomatist.

Of Lord Belmore less is known. He is too young to have earned high distinction, and as yet he has had no field wherein to earn it. The scope for Under Secretaries of State is not a wide one. He is stated by his friends to possess talents and amiability. He may, therefore, make a good Governor-General of the Australian colonies. He is a peer, and the colonists like to be governed by one born in the purple. He is young, and colonial ladies like to dance with a youthful lord. And as for the difficulties of governing, unless some very exceptional crisis occur, his Parliament and responsible Ministry will keep him straight. So far, there is nothing to say against his appointment. Still there are other and more important grounds of objection. It is a breach, not indeed of a rule, but of a principle—that of promotion according to service and merit. In every branch of the home and foreign service, a man who has fairly done his work in a subordinate position rises to a higher. A decent Solicitor-General becomes Attorney-General, an Attorney-General looks forward to becoming a Chief-Justice. An Attaché becomes a Secretary of Legation, Secretary of Legation blossoms into a Charge d'Affaires; the latter develops into a Minister, and then into an Ambassador. The Parliamentary system alone bars the promotion of a clerk to the head of his department. But this is not the rule in the colonial service. A high colonial officer does not necessarily earn promotion to the post of Governor, nor is a man who has governed one colony necessarily advanced to a second Government. However faultless or successful his administration may have been, he is not considered to have earned his promotion. The principle on which Lord Lyons obtains the blue ribbon of diplomacy is ignored at the Colonial Office. Of course, if there is a very difficult colony to be governed, or if a very extraordinary crisis has come upon a colony not usually very difficult, some hard-working, much-enduring man will be found to meet the exigency of the case. If a great change is to be made in the fundamental laws of a colony, or a new Constitution to be given to it, or border-barbarians to be driven off from it, or any real hard work to be done, then the Colonial Office is only too happy to secure the services of some tried, able, and experienced official. But it by no means follows that the man who, as Governor, has preserved one colony, will be rewarded with the government of another. When he has done his work, he may be dismissed as used and useless, without any reward at all. It surely cannot be contended that in the whole of the colonial service there are not men whose deserts as much entitle them to the government of the Australian colonies as the Earl of Belmore. We admit at once that, in the eyes of certain of the colonists, a peer is a great attraction, nor do we disparage the social advantages which flow from a nomination like this. But the colonists, pleased as they may be at the compliment of seeing a peer at the head of their society, are not fatuously blind to every other consideration. A man who had successfully governed other colonies they would not deem unfit to hold levees in the Government House of Sydney. And they would be as proud of the intellectual eminence as of the high birth of their Viceroy. Had Lord Belmore's former service lain in the colonies, there would be no objection, on principle, to his present great preference. But when it is considered that, without any colonial service, and, still more, without any special colonial aptitude, he carries off the second, if not the first, prize of colonial appointments, no just and reflecting man can fail to recognise the unfairness of the proceeding. Lord Belmore's appointment filches

[July 6, 1867.]

a merited reward from many diligent public servants. He comes in as an intruder from a distinct service, into which no ordinary colonial official has a chance of intruding himself. More than this, he precludes the promotion of Colonial Governors whose time of service in their own colonies has expired, and thus deprives them of the chance of the pension which Mr. Cardwell's not very liberal Bill provides for them after a certain service.

We know it is argued that the Colonial Office has never recognised the colonial service in its higher branches as a career, and that it is better that it should not recognise it. For our own part, we do not understand the grounds of this assertion. We cannot conceive why the knowledge and experience which are so much prized in other departments should be depreciated in this. There may be valid objections to selecting Governors from men who have worked their way from the lowest grades of colonial employment, and who have spent the best part of their lives out of England. Of these we are not speaking. We are speaking of men who, having lived to middle life in England, and being saturated with English public opinion, have been the heads of colonial departments, or have held one or more Governments. We ask why these men should be arrested in their careers, and condemned to involuntary inaction, while the prizes which inspired their ambition are bestowed on those who have laboured in other departments of the State? If, however, this be the theory favoured by Ministers and Cabinets, let it at once be promulgated and published to the utmost limits of the colonial empire. Let it be made known that, when once a man assumes a government, he gives up all his other interests and prospects for seven years' office and pay; that from thenceforth he has no claims, no expectations; that he sacrifices everything for this seven years' dignity, and may hope for nothing more. This rule, to be sure, would be unreasonable. But it would not be so harsh in its action as the arbitrary and exceptional promotion of some, contrasted with the arbitrary and exceptional neglect of others. Or, if the present system of exceptions be retained, let its harshness be corrected by a reasonable concession. Let those colonial servants who are debarred from promotion in their own line, be admitted to promotion in those other departments which now supply Colonial Governors in abundance. It is not more impolitic or more unfair to make an ex-Governor of some flourishing dependency a Commissioner or an Under-Secretary, than it is to turn a Commissioner into a Governor, or an Under-Secretary into a Governor-General.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

THE pressure of the Reform debate is an adequate excuse for almost any neglect of other business, but if it is at all possible, it would be of immense advantage both to the Ministers, in the shape of prestige, and to the country, as a valuable improvement of the law, that the Bankruptcy Bill should not be allowed to perish in the approaching massacre of the innocents. The Bill has passed the ordeal of Committee in the House of Commons, and if read a third time on an early day would supply the Lords with occupation, while the remaining amendments on the redistribution clauses and schedules of the Reform Bill are taking up the time of the Lower House. We do not urge the immediate prosecution of the Bill because we think it perfect in the condition to which it has at present been brought; but though it may benefit from amendments which the House of Lords is well able to suggest, it does even now contain the substance of a reform which would afford incalculable relief to all lawyers concerned in Bankruptcy practice, and, what is more material, to all suitors in that most perplexing of Courts.

Apart from any controverted details, there are many grounds on which all will agree in describing the Bill of 1867 as a great advance on the Act of 1861. In the first place, it is a Consolidation Bill, and will enable practitioners to know at once what the law is on which they have to advise. In the second place, it differs altogether from Lord Westbury's unfortunate Act in being framed by a skilful draftsman. It says what it means, and means what it says, and this is no small praise for a Bill on judicial procedure. Beyond all this, it embodies principles which, whether right or wrong, are the only principles which the commercial world is disposed to accept, and it would, we believe, after some modifications, work with a smoothness altogether in contrast with past experience of Bankruptcy law. It adopts the broad principle of the Scotch system of administering insolvent estates, by minimising official interference, and leaving the collection and distribution of assets mainly in the hands of a trustee appointed and paid according to the votes of the creditors themselves. We are by no means enamoured of this system, and believe that its supposed economy, if not imaginary, has been largely exaggerated. We cannot shut our eyes to the acknowledged jobbery which taints what is imagined to be the action of a large body of creditors. In too many cases a few wire-pullers in the interest of the bankrupt arrange everything, and there is reason to doubt whether the trustees of Scotch estates are as active in realizing assets, or as careful in scrutinizing proofs, as officials acting under the more immediate direction of an impartial Court. Still the bent of the commercial mind is so strongly against Court interposition that we think the Attorney-General was right in the general outline of his scheme, and that no other method would command sufficient confidence to insure effective working. Even,

however, when this point is conceded, there remains much for the Court to do, and perhaps the weakest part of the Bill, and that which is most likely to excite criticism in the House of Lords, is that which deals with the judicial administration of bankrupt estates so far as it is retained at all. With a view, we suppose, to economy, the Bill proposes to absorb all the existing officials, but the Commissioners are to be turned into judges, with as it is understood, an increase of salary; and the discretion of the Chancellor in appointing subordinate officers is to be controlled by provisions requiring him to select first from those already in office. Some of these provisions may be reasonable, but it is notorious that the Act of 1861 has broken down mainly because the jealousy of the House of Commons would not allow the then Ministers to appoint an efficient Chief Judge to perform the duties which ought to have been performed by the old Commissioners. The Courts at Basinghall Street are unworthy of the country, and the way to improve them is to appoint a judge who will command respect, and not to add a fanciful dignity to the existing Commissioners by giving them a more distinctly judicial title. The best new system will not work without a competent presiding mind, and Lord Westbury had good right to complain that his Act never had a fair chance, because the House of Commons refused to concede the appointment of a Chief Judge. Probably that Act, ill-drawn as it was, would in any case have proved a failure; but Sir John Rolt's Bill would have a vastly better prospect of ultimate success if he had not shrunk from asking the authority to renovate the Bankruptcy Bench which was refused to Lord Westbury. The present Bill, although it professes to be based, and to a great extent is based, on the theory that the sole object of Bankruptcy administration is the collection and distribution of assets, does to some extent retain the powers which have been given to the Bankruptcy Court for the repression of commercial fraud and misfeasance. Various offences are specified as grounds on which the Court may suspend for any time not exceeding three years the order of discharge, which is the great object of a bankrupt's ambition; and among others are to be found the sins of having contracted debts by false pretences, or by reason of an adverse judgment in an action for libel, adultery, or seduction. Now it is very proper that every one should suffer for any irregularities of this kind of which he may have been guilty, but we do not see why a bankrupt adulterer should be subjected to a punishment which a solvent offender in the like case would escape. The fact that all Bankruptcy Acts have contained special provisions of this nature really proves, not that the suspension of an order of discharge is the fitting remedy, but that in the absence of a public prosecutor the law often fails to visit many classes of offences with adequate retribution. If a bankrupt has involved himself by fraud or criminal debauchery, he ought to be punished for the crime he has committed, and not for the incidental offence of being unable to pay the damages awarded; but it will never be possible to reconcile the demands of outraged morality with the sound doctrine that Courts of Bankruptcy administration ought to have civil, and not criminal, jurisdiction until the law of England shall be placed on a level with the more civilised code of Scotland, which provides official machinery to enforce the penalties of crime. Until the only legitimate remedy is furnished we are not disposed to criticise with excessive severity the anomaly of using the process of bankruptcy as an indirect means of punishing men who generally deserve at least all the punishment that they endure.

The point on which the Bill is most open to observation is that which deals with the bankrupt's discharge. Is it right that a man who fails to pay his debts, and is compelled to give up his property to his creditors, should at once be absolved from all future liability to the payment of his debts, however rich he may afterwards become? As a matter of bargain, it may sometimes be to the advantage of creditors to give an absolute release, in order to check any further dissipation of the assets available for the satisfaction of their just demands; but assuredly no bankrupt can claim this as a right, and if the law is to be based on expediency, the circumstances of an average bankrupt ought to determine its provisions. If it is true, as some say, that nothing short of a promise of absolute immunity from future claims in respect of his past liabilities will prevent an ordinary insolvent from making away with his last shilling before he is forced into the Court, it may be wise to continue the indulgent system of unconditional discharge. But we doubt much whether such excessive leniency is at all necessary. All that seems requisite is to temper the severity of the law to such an extent as to save the bankrupt from utter and irretrievable ruin, the prospect of which would be likely to induce him to commit any fraud rather than give up to his creditors the remnant of his assets. Sir Roundell Palmer's Bill of last year attempted to draw a line between bankrupts who paid less than 6s. 8d. in the pound and those who provided a more respectable dividend. But any distinction founded on the amount of dividend is not only indefensible on principle, but would have a direct tendency to induce a failing trader to embark in new speculations which might largely increase the adverse balance of liabilities over assets, and yet improve the percentage of dividend. A man who knew that his estate would produce, say, 10,000*l.*, to meet 40,000*l.* of debt might bring himself within the protected limit by simply buying on credit goods to the value of 20,000*l.*, and selling them for 10,000*l.* in cash. Nothing could be more fraudulent than such a proceeding, and yet this is what the Bill of last year would almost compel every judicious insolvent to do. Sir J. Rolt comes

near to a much sounder principle when he proposes that up to the amount of 10s. in the pound all the future property of a bankrupt shall be liable to his debts at the discretion of the Court, which would not enforce the penalty so strictly as to shut the bankrupt out from all hope of recovering a stable position. But if the principle is sound it ought not to be limited to one-half of the bankrupt's liabilities. There is no reason whatever why a bankrupt who acquires a second fortune should not be compelled to pay his debts in full; and if the discretion of the Court is to be trusted up to half the amount to protect him against unreasonable and ruinous severity, it might be equally trusted if the limitation to 10s. in the pound were done away with. This was the old rule of the Insolvent Court before the distinction between the bankruptcy of a trader and the insolvency of a non-trader was abolished, and the only fault found with the working of the law was that the Court was too lenient, and negligent in enforcing payment when it could well be afforded. On all grounds, it seems just and expedient that the limitation to 10s. in the pound should be struck out of the Bill; but this is an amendment which might well be introduced in the House of Lords, and would not, so far as can be gathered from the observations of the Attorney-General, be resented as in any way fatal to his Bill. The subject well deserves further discussion than it has received, and, with or without the improvement we have suggested, the Bill, if passed, would be a great boon both to the legal and commercial classes, and ought not to be allowed to drop, if it is by any exertion practicable to pass it into law before the close of what cannot but be a protracted Session.

THE ORISSA FAMINE.

IN dealing with the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the famine in Bengal and Orissa in 1866, we shall not, at least in the first instance, attempt to do more than epitomize the immense body of information which has been collected by their labours. The facts of this terrible visitation will speak for themselves; they require neither amplification nor adornment. All that the English public has to do is to gain as clear an understanding as possible of the nature of a calamity which has destroyed half a million of people, and to apportion the due share of praise or blame among the officials who were, or ought to have been, concerned in taking measures to anticipate or relieve it. It must be borne in mind, however, in regard to the latter branch of the inquiry, that government in India implies different duties and responsibilities from government in England. A *laissez faire* economy, if it is to act beneficially, must deal with a population which has been accustomed and encouraged to help itself. Where this qualification is wanting, the sphere of authoritative action is proportionately enlarged, and a degree of activity is demanded of those holding responsible positions which has no parallel in more civilized countries. Indian events and Indian officials must be judged by an Indian standard; and it behoves us to take care that British rule does not fall below what would be justly required of the native princes whom we have displaced.

The cause of the famine of 1866 was extremely simple. The lower part of the Bengal Presidency is essentially a rice-producing country, and for the successful growth of this crop a very large amount of rain is needed, especially during the months of September and October. In 1865 no rain at all fell during these two months, and a very serious deficiency in the rice harvest of the whole Presidency was the result. This deficiency was very unequally distributed, and nowhere amounted to total failure except in Orissa, and in the higher parts of the western districts of Bengal where the soil consists of a clayey sandstone formation known in India as laterite. Still the extent of the deficiency must not be left out of sight. The countries which surround the Bay of Bengal have of late years become the principal source from which Asia and Australia draw their supplies of rice; and the increased growth of cotton and other more valuable products in some parts of India has also exposed the Bengal lowlands to a considerable internal drain. All the available rice in the market was therefore needed to supply the demands of the exporters, and the relief which might otherwise have been afforded to the suffering population by the natural course of trade was diminished in proportion. The three "regulation districts" of Orissa—Balasore, Cuttack, and Pooree—lie along the sea-coast to the south-east of the delta of the Ganges. The whole tract is alluvial and rice-producing, and intersected by numerous streams which come down from the inland hills. These streams are torrents during the rains and broad reaches of sand during the dry season, forming in both shapes a serious hindrance to locomotion, besides giving rise to singularly destructive inundations. Their waters have not been turned to any account in the way of irrigation, and the country depends wholly on the supply of rain for the moisture necessary for the crops. The isolation of the province is extreme. It is separated from Central and Northern India by ranges of inaccessible hills, while the nature of the coast forbids the approach of European sailing-vessels, and practically limits intercourse by sea to such rude native vessels as are capable of crossing the shallow bars, and navigating the tortuous courses of the Orissa rivers. There is but one protected anchorage in the province—that at False Point; and even this is so unprovided with any landing-place, and so far removed from any populated part of the country, as to be of little use. The ordinary way of reaching Orissa, therefore, is by the road which traverses

it lengthwise; but this cannot be used by wheeled carriages except in the dry season, while at all times it is traversed chiefly by pack bullocks. The Oryahs of Orissa are physically superior to the average Bengalee. They are strict Hindoos in religion, and deeply imbued with caste prejudice. They are less intelligent than the Bengalees, but somewhat more trustworthy. "In short," say the Commissioners, "those who are accustomed to them, and have become habituated to their obstinate and prejudiced ways, generally like them; those who are not accustomed to them cannot endure them." Unfortunately the officers in charge of the province during the famine seem mostly to have belonged to the latter class. Formerly it was just the reverse. Orissa stood so much apart from the rest of India that there had grown up a school of officers who had spent a great part of their lives in the province, and were intimately acquainted with its wants. But of late years promotion has been more rapid, and local considerations have necessarily had less influence on the distribution of appointments. The two last representatives of the Orissa school of officers—Mr. Shore, the Commissioner, and Mr. Trevor, a member of the Board of Revenue—left for England in the autumn of 1865, and were succeeded by Mr. Ravenshaw and Mr. Cockburn. Mr. Ravenshaw had been an active and enterprising magistrate, but he had no previous knowledge of Orissa, and had been chosen mainly for his capacity in dealing with the wild and turbulent tribes of the tributary native districts. Mr. Cockburn had formerly been well acquainted with Orissa, but he had long been removed from it, and had only returned from England in December, 1865; besides which he was seized, only two months after landing, with the illness of which he eventually died. Of the subordinate officials, only one—Mr. Barlow, who had for four years been magistrate and collector at Pooree—was possessed of any local experience whatever.

Two other circumstances seem to have contributed to the disasters of 1866. Neither officers nor people had any experience of Indian famines. None had happened in Bengal during the present century; the last was in the time of the Mahrattas, and the recollection of it had almost died away. The officers had all come from the Lower Provinces, and consequently facts which in the North-West would have aroused the most serious apprehensions passed almost unnoticed. To no class of the community did the presence of scarcity suggest the approach of famine with that vividness which would have ensured a recourse to prompt measures of prevention. The other circumstance is that there are no European settlers or merchants in the interior of Orissa. Mission stations exist in some of the coast towns, and the East India Irrigation Company have a large establishment at Cuttack. Indeed the store of grain provided by this Company for the payment of their work-people served considerably to postpone the appearance of actual starvation in this neighbourhood; but for that very reason the small non-official European community was all the later in realizing the true dimensions of the catastrophe. The rice-crop of 1864 seems to have been about the average—falling below that level in Pooree, but exceeding it in Balasore; and the enormous quantity of 30,000 tons had been exported from the latter district alone. In May, 1865, the rains were very heavy, amounting in Pooree to 13 inches, against an average of 21 inches. But from that time to the end of September the fall in this district was only about 5 inches per month, whereas it ought to have been nearly three times that amount, and in October there was none at all. Here, therefore, the pressure was first felt, prices having gone up to about 2½ times their average rate by September, before any alarm was felt in Orissa generally. In Cuttack and Balasore there had been sufficient, though not abundant, rain throughout the summer. In the former district the crops were promising, and in the latter prices had not gone very much beyond the point to which exportation had already brought them.

When, however, October, the most critical month for the whole rice harvest, went by without rain, very great alarm was felt over the whole province. The dealers had no large stocks on hand, and consequently closed their shops. Unfortunately this step was set down by Mr. Ravenshaw to an unprincipled combination entered into for the purpose of raising prices. The real explanation of it, the Commissioners think, was quite different. "In the bazaars some dealers had really no grain; others were unwilling to sell on the old terms, and were afraid to raise the terms too suddenly; and the remainder felt themselves unable to meet the demands which would have been thrown on them if they had kept their shops open when those of others were closed. Hence general closing movements took place, which were only got over when the supply had a little accumulated, and the alarmed public were glad to accept very enhanced rates." Throughout November the state of things was becoming steadily worse, and the Collectors of the three districts made some serious representations to the Commissioner. Mr. Barlow reported from Pooree that the rate at which rice was selling was, to a large class of consumers, as prohibitive as the non-existence of any supply at all. Mr. Muspratt reported from Balasore that the crop would be only an eighth of the crop of the year before, and that the ryots had disposed of their whole previous supply, and were absolutely dependent on the coming harvest for food. Much the same account came from Cuttack, but Mr. Ravenshaw seems to have formed his own judgment on the facts, and consequently disregarded the statements of the Collectors. He was convinced that the crop would be at least half as large as usual, and that the dealers had ample stores in

[July 6, 1867.]

hand, "probably enough to supply the market for a couple of years." In this confident strain he reported to the Government of Bengal, mentioning, however, at the same time the opposite impressions entertained by the Collectors. The Government concurred in the Commissioner's view; various suggestions offered by the subordinate officials were passed over; and on the 25th of November a Report was drawn up by the Bengal Board of Revenue, which was immediately circulated among the revenue officers as "an easily accessible record of the principles upon which the Government considers itself at liberty to afford assistance in times of scarcity." In this Report the Board confessed to some doubts whether the estimate of a half-crop was not too high; but even in this case they saw "no reason to doubt" that there would be food enough to satisfy the actual needs of the people. The agriculturists, they thought, would be compensated by the high prices; the labouring classes would suffer, perhaps, but certainly not starve. This latter evil was to be met by official publication of the prices current in each district, by the employment of labourers on public works, by a liberal expenditure on the Government estates, in order to set a good example to the great landowners; and by the efforts of that "local private liberality" upon which, even in the event of actual famine, "the chief, if not the only, reliance" was to be placed. The Government could not act in contravention of the ordinary laws of political economy. Even if it were true that in India the operation of those laws is slow and uncertain, it was all the more necessary to do nothing that could "clog or impede their working." It is to be regretted that this statement of principles was laid before the Governor-General in Council, and the Government in England, without calling forth any comment. No doubt, in the absence of any very alarming facts, the enunciation of a few truisms in political economy seemed a very safe employment for the Government of Bengal to be engaged in. Otherwise it might have been seen that between acting in default of laws and acting in contravention of laws there is the widest possible difference. If the ordinary operation of supply and demand carries food into a destitute district, the authorities are quite right in withholding any extraordinary assistance. But if, from any natural or artificial causes, the demand remains wholly unanswered, the Government are not only justified, but bound, to provide for the exceptional necessity. The fallacies of the Board of Revenue attracted, however, no notice; and the Collectors were left to act on the rules thus laid down in the Report. At this time the Commissioner himself was away on a tour among the tributary districts of Orissa. It is customary to visit these remote hills every cold season, and neither Mr. Ravenshaw nor the Government of Bengal saw any reason for departing from the usual routine.

Up to this time, though in the light of after events there is everything to regret, there is little perhaps which calls for positive censure. The Commissioner was undoubtedly mistaken in his estimate of the coming scarcity, but this error of judgment was supported by a good deal of local public opinion. The Government of Bengal naturally shared the impression of the highest and most responsible of its subordinates; and the local experience of the Collectors was not great enough to supply any reason for preferring their opinion to the Commissioner's upon simple matters of evidence. "The fact seems to have been," says Sir John Lawrence, in his Minute on the Report of the Commissioners, "that in most instances those on the spot who were earliest face to face with the signs of coming famine could not bring themselves to speak out as firmly and decisively as they should have done; while the more distant and superior officers appear to have accepted a foregone conclusion, and to have been unable on that account to discern in the reports which they received sufficient grounds for special interference while there was yet time." At the end of November the Collectors represented the first of these classes; Mr. Ravenshaw, and Sir Cecil Beadon, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the latter. In course of time the Commissioner awoke to the true state of the case, but only, as we shall see in the sequel, to pass from the one category of error into the other.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

xi.

AN English artist, once very famous, but whose name has lately lost something of its power, is now on a fresh pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is to be hoped that renewed acquaintance with Eastern scenes may lead to results satisfactory to his early admirers. Mr. Holman Hunt seems to have forgotten of late years the principle which led him to the achievement of greatness. He once believed that powerful art needed a powerful motive, and worked with a faith so earnest that, whatever might be the defects of his pictures—and they had many defects—they had always some high purpose, and no one could accuse him of artistic trifling. The arrival of the Princess Alexandra suggested the unfortunate idea of painting London Bridge with the crowd upon it, and the result was a picture so entirely at variance with the suggestions of ordinary artistic prudence as to be nothing better than an elaborate curiosity. The "Afterglow in Egypt" was of higher artistic quality, but was injured by obtrusive detail in accessories, and all but ruined by a frame apparently designed by some malignant enemy of the artist. Since these works Mr. Hunt has done nothing to remind us of his

early intellectual force. If the loss were compensated by better art, if the cooling of intellectual ardour had left the eye clearer, and the judgment sounder, and the hand more free and skilful, then we should say that it was little to be regretted, for though intellect and enthusiasm are fine gifts for a painter, the more purely artistic faculties are yet more desirable. But whilst Mr. Hunt's art has become far less thoughtful and enthusiastic than it used to be, it has gained no new perfection. It is tending towards a chilled materialism, manually laborious, intellectually indolent. So little attention do Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures excite this year in the Academy that they are scarcely looked at or talked about; and, since he is not an Academician or an Associate, the initials "W. H." prefixed to his surname awaken no suspicion in the minds of the majority of visitors that they belong to the famous painter of the "Christ in the Temple," and the "Light of the World." It is not good policy, in a painter who has achieved success, to send works of slight importance to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Of course he will often produce art which costs him little effort, but he cannot prudently rely upon it to represent him in a great annual contest for reputation. Mr. Hunt, for some time past, has reserved his more important pictures for separate exhibition, and only favoured the Academy with minor works. We believe that it would be better to send his best things to the Academy, or to retire from its walls altogether. This year we have a picture of six pigeons on a wet day, and another of a lady doing nothing; the first called "The Festival of St. Swithin," the second "Il Dolce far Niente." The pigeons are in and about their cote, which is in a region of suburban villas. They are cleverly painted, and the shining wet roof of the pigeon-cote is a good instance of imitative skill. But how profoundly indifferent this simple study leaves us! And the other study of a lady with long wavy auburn hair and a quiet expressionless face, what do we think about her? We think that, as the pigeons have pretty jewel-like eyes and feet like thin twigs of coral, so this lady has a necklace and earrings of amethysts and two small sapphires in her ring. And we think no more about her, no more than about her mirror, or her dress, or her azalias.

When a painter writes on art he ought to paint well, because his readers go to his pictures that they may know what weight to attach to his opinions. This is not always quite fair to the artist, for a painter often has very humble ideas of his own work and would criticize it as severely as the work of anybody else. Supposing, however, this humility on the part of the artist, the question immediately suggests itself, why does he exhibit such work at all? There is a case in point in this year's Academy Exhibition. Mr. O'Neil has published a volume of lectures, and also some review articles, on the principles of art and on pictures. He exhibits in the Royal Academy a picture called "Titian's Evening Study, from a Letter of the Period." Now either Mr. O'Neil knows in his own conscience that this is a very bad picture, or he does not. If he knows it, he cannot be doing right to occupy valuable space on the Academy walls with what he knows to be bad art; and if, on the other hand, he is under the impression that this picture is a good one, what weight can be attached to his written opinions on the works of others? We have proceeded in these papers very much on the principle of letting bad pictures alone. We shall say nothing this year about Mr. Solomon Alexander Hart, R.A., for the simple reason that we cannot endure to look long enough at bad work to write about it in detail, unless, as in the case of Mr. O'Neil, there is some urgent reason to compel us. It is impossible to paint more crudely than Mr. O'Neil does now; he was never a colourist, nor ever likely to become one, but he might have worked in comparative safety by taking refuge in the sober tints which render glare impossible. Titian is seated in a gondola, sketching under a canopy. Two ladies are with him, and a girl pours wine. There is a man in purple costume that Titian seems to be looking at, and there is some fruit behind the man, a melon and a few bunches of grapes. How crude the water is! how painfully crude the sky! and the raw colouring of the dresses, and then the flesh! Landscape-painters who have felt hurt by the airs of superiority which figure-painters often give themselves, and especially by their assumption that they can paint landscape better than the men who dedicate themselves to it exclusively, will be consoled by the contemplation of the distance in this work. We have seen a thousand libels of Venice, but never a worse than this. Mr. O'Neil's other work, "An Incident in Luther's Monastic Life at Erfurt," is less objectionable, because in many ways a much safer subject to attempt. "One day, overcome with sadness, Luther shut himself in his cell, and for several days allowed no one to enter. His friend, Lucas Edemberger, uneasy about him, took some young choristers and knocked at the door of his cell. As no one answered, Edemberger, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and found Luther stretched on the floor. After vainly trying to rouse him, the choristers began to sing a hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been source of delight, and by slow degrees his consciousness returned." The picture has little charm, but it is not offensive; the white robe of Luther, the black dress of the monk, the dresses of the choristers, the simple music-books, prayer-book, hour-glass, crucifix—all these things leave no opportunity for glare, and the brightest bit of colour is the rose-tree in the window.

The essentially inartistic nature of Mr. E. W. Cooke was never more painfully proved than it is in his picture, "A Visitor from High Latitudes." On some part of the Southern coast, where

there are martello towers, lies the skeleton of a Greenland whale. This skeleton is painted in the coldest, most matter-of-fact way, and yet, we should imagine, without strict accuracy. It seems doubtful whether a skeleton left on the sea-shore, and unsupported by artificial connexions, would keep itself in such good order. Would not the bones of the fins, for instance, fall away from each other if so perfectly cleaned as these seem to be, unless they were artificially connected? It almost seems as if Mr. Cooke had mis-understood the structure of the mouth. The fringe of whalebone which in nature is attached to the upper jaw on both sides appears in Mr. Cooke's picture to descend from the palate to the middle of the lower jaw. Either Mr. Cooke has not observed the facts, which in a painter of his attainments seems incredible, or else he has not sufficiently explained them. We have never met with skeletons of whales on the English coast, but we are very familiar with the magnificent ones in the Jardin des Plantes, and cannot regard Mr. Cooke's design as satisfactory. Considered as a picture, it fails altogether. We are not disposed to find fault with Mr. Cooke for the ugliness of his subject, because ugly pictures may convey great impressions, and so fulfil one of the highest functions of the fine arts; what we complain of is the absence of artistic feeling and imagination. A true artist, if he had happened to choose such a subject, would have made us vividly realize the vastness of the mighty bones, but he would not have copied the whole skeleton in this way. It was a great mistake too to attempt, in connexion with a subject of this kind, so splendid and elaborate a sky. This sky must have been a fine one in nature, but it is badly painted, and the colour, instead of looking splendid, only looks glaring. Pictures of this order have but one possible use; they may serve as a warning to younger men. Mr. Cooke is so absolutely destitute of imagination that it is quite unsafe for him to attempt anything beyond the simple rendering of quiet scenes. It is impossible that he should ever profoundly impress us, and if this whale picture, which is intended to impress, fails to do so, it has no other quality to fall back upon. Mr. Cooke's other picture, "Canal of the Giudecca, Venice; Churches of the Orfanelli, Gesuati, Zitella, and S. S. Redentore," lies within his powers. The painting is clear, and clever, and prosy; as good as Cimabue's, yet not in any obvious way better than his.

Mr. Sidney Cooper is another painter who, without having any imaginative power, has enjoyed the public favour for many years. His "Waiting for Hire" is an excellent instance of the qualities which have won his position. Nothing can be neater or brighter than the mechanical execution of this work. The scene is laid on the South coast. There is some fair geological drawing, especially in the detached mass of white cliff. The sea is visible from the height on which the spectator finds himself, and there are boats and bathing-machines on the shore. On the grass near the spectator, numbers of goat carriages and saddle donkeys are waiting to be hired. Nothing can exceed the brilliant precision with which all these things and animals are painted, and although it is essentially a vulgar precision, considered artistically, it is likely to attract that large public whose critical faculty does not go beyond the appreciation of neat workmanship. If the reader would give this picture fifteen or twenty minutes, looking carefully into everything, into the harness, the basket-work, the linings and wheels of the carriages, the texture of the goats' hair, &c., and then, without looking at anything else in the Academy, go at once to the Troyon in the French Gallery, he would have seen English tendencies and French tendencies in their extreme issues.

We congratulate Mr. Nicol on a new discovery which may increase the incomes of successful artists. He has found out that the line of the Academy is a good place for advertising, and has kindly undertaken to announce Mr. Thorley, of the Cattle Condiment, and Messrs. Findlater and Co., of Mountjoy Brewery. We are far from wishing to imply that Mr. Nicol gets money for his advertisements, but he certainly deserves it, and if he keeps cows or drinks beer we hope that Mr. Thorley and Messrs. Findlater will send him a handsome acknowledgment in kind. The title of the picture where these announcements occur is "A Country Booking Office." The scene is evidently in Ireland. The principal personage is an old farmer in a yellow and black striped waistcoat, the right hand in his waistcoat pocket, his hat in the left hand, and his shoulders covered with a heavy cloak. He has grey hair, and a massive, well-studied face. An old woman is near him, and round these are grouped many busy persons—two men carrying a basket of apples, an orangewoman, a luggage porter, a priest with a green umbrella and green purse, a young woman with a healthy face, and many people pressing about the still closed ticket-office. The picture is neither better nor worse than Mr. Nicol's contributions of last year; it shows no diminution either in dramatic power or manual skill, but, on the other hand, it gives no evidence of aspirations towards a more elevated art. It seems likely that Mr. Nicol will go on in this manner till he has exhausted his vein and the interest of the public, after which he will either refresh himself in new fields, or sink into manufacture.

Mr. Pettie, on the other hand, has made a great step this year. He is evidently growing out of what was objectionable in his mannerism, and developing a colour gift which has hitherto been fettered, or perhaps disciplined, by self-imposed restraints. We are happy to know that our admiration is shared by many judges whose opinion is valuable, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Pettie has this year greatly strengthened his reputation. His picture, "Treason," shows a room in an old house or palace. It is lined with tapestry, and there is a wide floor of bare boards with a strong reddish tinge. Round a fine old carved table in the

middle of this room are grouped several personages, who are plotting, and a sentinel watches at the door. We have a Cardinal in red, in profile, a nobleman in white, a gentleman in armour, and other persons. The nobleman has his fist on a parchment, and other parchments are lying on the table. The story is successfully told; but what most pleases us is the admirable quality of the painting, the perfect unity of the work, the due subordination of what ought to be subordinate, the clear assertion of all that we really want to know. The colour is far above the average of what we usually find on the walls of the Academy, and though little disposed to enthusiasm, especially about costume-pictures, of which we are weary, we have to thank Mr. Pettie for many minutes of enjoyment.

CONCERTS OF THE YEAR.

THE concerts of the year do not represent precisely the same bearing upon the art of music as the "pictures of the year" upon that of painting. Every new exhibition of pictures, even if there is nothing actually new in it, at all events signifies an attempt to produce something new; but concerts, or at least what are termed "classical concerts," are for the most part merely periodical reminders of what is old. And it is necessarily so. Any one can see, and after a manner understand, a picture hanging from a wall; but it is not given to every one to understand a piece of music through the eye on paper, even though capable (too rare acquirement) of perfectly appreciating it through the ear, when played or sung. It is indispensable, then, that the masterpieces of the art should be as often performed in public as possible, in order that their healthy influence may continue to be felt. Those who can peruse them with profit at home are at liberty to do so; but those who have not this gift, and are, nevertheless, musically inclined, can hardly do better than go and listen to them with serious attention in the concert-room. Every attentive hearing of a symphony, quartet, or sonata, by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, brings with it certain advance in the faculty of appreciation, however unconscious the recipient may be of the process by means of which he becomes better and better able to enter into the meaning of the works that are laid before him. Such periodical performances, therefore, as the Philharmonic Concerts, the New Philharmonic Concerts, and, in another direction, the Monday Popular Concerts, are of the utmost value, and the chief duty of their conductors, it must be evident, is not to try experiments with new works, but to render the public more and more familiar with those which are destined to rest as models for all time.

Of the Philharmonic Concerts we spoke in detail last week. A concert, however, has since taken place—the last of the present series—at which the programme contained one or two pieces that scarcely sorted with the humour of a Philharmonic audience. What has been nick-named "the Music of the Future" was strongly represented—first by a pianoforte concerto, composed and performed by M. Anton Rubinstein, next by Herr Richard Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, an opera which has been more than once advertised in the prospectus for the season of Her Majesty's Theatre, but which, happily, has on each occasion been laid aside in favour of something better. About the overture to *Tannhäuser* we have already expressed an opinion anything rather than complimentary, and which its highly effective performance under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins gave us no reason to modify. If an immoderate amount of boisterous cacophony is music, then the overture to *Tannhäuser* is music; otherwise not. M. Rubinstein's concerto (his fourth) is even worse. The overture of Herr Wagner has at least a certain intelligible form—a beginning, a middle, and an end; but M. Rubinstein's concerto boasts nothing of the kind. There is no apparent reason why any portion of it should be where it is, instead of where it is not. Of the three movements into which it is divided—*moderato*, *moderato assai* and *allegro*—the most objectionable is decidedly the last; but from beginning to end the concerto at best sounds like an improvisation, by a not very skilful *improvvisoratore*. M. Rubinstein has paid two visits to this country. The first was in 1843, when he was put forth as a boy-prodigy, but stood little chance against a greater prodigy, who came to London in the same year—the gifted and much regretted Charles Filtzsch. For fourteen years afterwards nothing was heard of M. Rubinstein; but in 1858 he undertook a second professional journey to England. The great promise of his boyhood had scarcely been carried out; and his playing, though marked by extraordinary mechanical facility, was by no means noticeable for any of the refinements indispensable to genuine "virtuosity." Now, nine years later, he has honoured the country with a third appearance; and if his performance at the last Philharmonic Concert may be accepted as a criterion, he has rather receded than advanced as a pianist. Playing more ferocious (we cannot find an apter phrase) and at the same time more unfinished has seldom been heard. Happily, or unhappily, the concerto was of the same quality as the playing. M. Rubinstein clearly belongs to the school of Abbé Laiet; but he surpasses all the disciples of that gifted though eccentric artist in caricaturing his model. Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the symphony in G minor of Professor Sterndale Bennett, now completed by the addition of a movement in D major ("Romanza per le viole"), separating the *minuetto* from the *rondo finale*, were the

[July 6, 1867.]

most important orchestral features at this concert. Graceful as is the new movement of Professor Bennett's symphony, we cannot hail its interpolation as an improvement. Either the work should be left as it originally stood, or a more developed movement—a regular slow movement, in fact—be added. At best the new "romanza" is a pretty conceit. The symphony, however, extremely well played, was admired as before (in 1864 and 1865); the *minuetto*, which is full of charm and *naïveté*, was encored, and the composer was called for at the end. At the same time Professor Bennett is too gifted a man to treat his art with anything approaching indifference; and we can only look upon the added movement as a *bonne plaisanterie*. The singers on this occasion were Madlle. Titiens, Madlle. Nilsson, and Mr. Hohler. An extraordinary sensation was created by Madlle. Nilsson's really wonderful execution of "Gli Angui d'Inferno," from *Die Zauberflöte*, which, though she sang it in C minor and E flat (instead of D Minor and F, as Mozart wrote it), was one of those legitimate displays that mark an epoch in an artist's career. She was compelled to repeat the whole; and now the operatic world will be anxiously looking forward to the revival of *Il Flauto Magico* at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Madlle. Nilsson as Astraflamante. A word of strong commendation is due to Mr. W. G. Cusins, not only for the able manner in which he directed the performance immediately under notice, but for the progress he has made since the first concert of the season. That in appointing a new conductor the directors might have made a much less happy choice is now, we believe, very generally admitted.

Dr. Wylde's New Philharmonic Concerts have been held this year in a new building. The Gresham Professor of Music has erected a hall for himself in Langham Place, and christened it St. George's Hall. Here he now gives his concerts and carries on the business of his school—the London Academy of Music. The hall is spacious enough to accommodate a very large audience, but the orchestra is scarcely suited for anything else than performances of instrumental music. At any rate we cannot well see how a large chorus could be sheltered there, unless the instrumental players were to encroach upon that part of the building intended for the public. Possibly Dr. Wylde has no intention at any time of giving oratorios or other choral performances on a grand scale; and if so, his orchestra answers every purpose. His concerts this year, the sixteenth since their institution at Exeter Hall (1852), have offered great variety of attraction. There has been a little too much singing, perhaps; but as Dr. Wylde's programmes, like those of the Conservatoire in Paris, and those of the late Musical Society of London, rarely include more than one symphony—to which is very properly awarded the place of honour, at the end of the first part—a little more latitude in the vocal department, if not absolutely desirable, is at least pardonable. Besides, Dr. Wylde now and then gives his subscribers two concertos; and a concerto, we need scarcely add, is merely a symphony in another shape. The general objection urged against our music-halls in town and country, is that for musical effect they have too much resonance. This is invariably laid to the charge of the architect, who thinks more of the symmetry of his design than of the object for which the building entrusted to his charge is wanted, and thus takes no account of the musician. But precisely the converse may be said of St. George's Hall, which has too little resonance; so that the music comes too short and dry upon the ear. Time, however, may alter these conditions. There is much to be said about the performances. The orchestra over which Dr. Wylde continues to preside is as numerous and efficient as in former years—with Herr Straus and Mr. Blagrove as principal first violins, and players of the highest ability at the head of each department. Of symphonies we have had those in C minor and A of Beethoven—two of the finest, we were about to add, but that as much might be said of any two among the nine, leaving out of the question the charmingly fresh and unostentatious No. 1; those of Mendelssohn in C minor and A minor (the "Scotch"); and Spohr's No. 4 (*Die Weise der Töne*). These were played much in the same manner to which we are accustomed, and as might be expected from such a company of executants. Not the least interesting of the five was Mendelssohn's early symphony in C minor, written when he was fifteen years of age (1826), and first performed in England by the Philharmonic Society, with a new *scherzo* in G minor, borrowed by the composer from his own Octetto for string instruments (produced about the same year), and curtailed and arranged for the orchestra. Dr. Wylde preferred the original minuet and trio, which we must allow is quite as good, if not quite altogether as fanciful as the interloper. There have been the usual complement of overtures—Weber's *Euryanthe*, *Oberon*, and *Preciosa* (the first of which "inaugurated," as the phrase is, St. George's Hall); Beethoven's *Prometheus* (prelude to his ballet—"ballo serio," as it is called in the autograph—*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, composed in 1801); Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* (*Fingal's Cave*); Rossini's *Semiramide*; Cherubini's *Anacreon*; Meyerbeer's *Struensee*; Signor Schira's to his opera called *Niccolò de' Lapi*; and a new "*Festal Overture*," so styled, in C major, by Mr. T. M. Mudie, a composer who, thirty years back, promised much more than he has since performed, but not more than this overture in C, though simple in plan and unelaborate in development, shows he was capable of performing had he continued as he began. Mr. Mudie is one of the most interesting relics of that once flourishing Society of British Musicians which, in 1834, through a symphony in F minor by Mr. Macfarren, proved to a sceptical world that it was not impossible for Englishmen to essay with more or less success the highest forms

of musical composition. Even now his symphonies are remembered by many, as works not only full of promise, but already ripe in performance—with a leaning towards Haydn it is true, but with occasional independent touches all the same. The first reflection of any one interested in the progress of English art, after hearing the "*Festal Overture*," would naturally be—"what can Mr. Mudie have been doing this last quarter of a century past?" In the way of concertos, Dr. Wylde has given us the one in A composed by Mozart for clarinet with orchestra (expressly for the famous Stadler, in 1791, shortly before the illustrious musician's death), the solo part in which was played, as usual, by Mr. Lazarus; Mendelssohn's in D minor (No. 2) for pianoforte, which Madlle. Anna Mehlig by no means executes so readily as she does Hummel's in B minor; Beethoven's in C minor (No. 3), in a great measure caricatured, though in some instances brilliantly executed, by Herr Alfred Jaell; the same composer's in G (No. 4), which we never remember Mr. Hallé playing so uniformly well; Spohr's for violin in A minor, known in England as "*Dramatic Concerto*," elsewhere as "*Scena Cantante*," very creditably given by Mr. Henry Holmes, by no means the least ambitious of our English violinists; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat (No. 5), in which, not for the first time, Madame Arabella Goddard achieved a signal success; Mendelssohn's in E minor, for the same instrument, which is in no way suited to the finicking style of Herr Leopold Auer; and Hummel's in A flat for pianoforte, undertaken by Miss Kate Roberts, a very young pianist, but already one of the foremost scholars in the London Academy of Music. Of the vocal music it would be tedious to speak in detail. Enough that, from time to time, some of the most distinguished members of our two Italian Opera Companies have appeared in St. George's Hall, singing whatever they pleased and however they pleased, but mostly *en robe de chambre*. On the whole Dr. Wylde's last series of concerts has been conducted with spirit and success. It is worthy of note that the five programmes did not contain a single piece, vocal or instrumental, by Schumann, in whose behalf not long since the Gresham Professor took up the literary cudgels; and it is as worthy of regret that the universally popular name of Schubert never once appeared.

The performance of an oratorio at Exeter Hall the other night, though out of the oratorio season, was interesting for more than one reason. First, it was got up for the benefit of a highly commendable charity—the House of Relief for Children with Diseases of the Joints. Next, it was chiefly organized by amateurs in high life, two of whom undertook a very responsible part in the actual proceedings. The oratorio selected for the occasion was not a very happy choice. *Israel's Return from Babylon* had already twice been heard in England—in 1862, at Exeter Hall, and in 1863, at the Worcester Festival. Each time it was voted a bore. And indeed if we are to measure its composer, Herr Schachner, by the recognised models, ancient and modern, he is as far from Handel as Mr. Martin Tupper from Lord Bacon, and as far from Mendelssohn as the late Alfred Bunn from our existing Poet Laureate. However, we do not wish to discuss a point of taste with the very excellent amateurs who exerted themselves in so good a cause as that in favour of which the performance at Exeter Hall was projected; but rather give them credit for sincerely believing that in Herr Schachner they had stumbled upon an embryo Handel, whose oratorio, comparatively unknown, would, on that account, be likely to stimulate public curiosity the more. Take it for all in all, this was the best performance of *Israel's Return from Babylon* it has been our fortune to hear. A numerous orchestra, consisting of many of the best London players, an admirable chorus selected from the Royal Italian Opera and the Chapel Royal, assisted by some 400 amateurs, and professional singers of more or less eminence, among whom were Messrs. C. Lyall and Hohler (tenors), Miss Palmer (contralto), and Signor Foli, from Her Majesty's Theatre (bass), had been secured. About these it is unnecessary to say one word. But the two ladies who volunteered to sing the chief soprano parts cannot be passed over without that recognition which is their just due. The amateurs to whom we refer are the Duchess of Newcastle, and Mrs. Ellicott, wife of the Bishop of Gloucester. It may be said of these ladies, without flattery, that the plea of amateurish would be denied them by any competent judge. If real cultivation means anything they are not amateurs at all, but in good faith artists. A more sympathetic voice than that of the Duchess of Newcastle we have rarely heard. It is a light and flexible soprano, not remarkable for power, but with a certain indefinable charm in every tone. Nor is it voice, and nothing else, which attracts us in the singing of this distinguished lady. On the contrary, it is voice and art combined; and, more than that—true expression goes hand in hand with voice and art, presenting a union of qualities often coveted than possessed. The voice of Mrs. Ellicott is also a soprano—more powerful, if less sympathetic, than that of the Duchess of Newcastle. She, too, is evidently a practised vocalist, and sings with self-possession that many a "professional" might envy. Criticism on such an occasion as that which procured for a crowded assembly the rare chance of hearing two such amateur singers would be out of place. Nevertheless, under any circumstances it would have been difficult not to pay homage where homage was so eminently merited; and before quitting the subject we may add that the performances of both ladies afforded unequivocal satisfaction. A more spontaneous manifestation of feeling, indeed, has seldom been provoked than that which impelled the audience to demand, with one voice, a

repetition of the recitative, "Lift up your eyes unto the Heavens," which was declaimed by the Duchess of Newcastle with an intelligence and earnestness worthy all praise. We have hinted that the general execution of the oratorio was singularly good; and we may presume, from the crowded state of the hall, that the excellent charity in aid of which the concert was set on foot has derived considerable advantage from the undertaking. The *Messiah*, the *Creation*, or *Elijah*, would doubtless have been preferred to *Israel's Return from Babylon*, of which the great majority of the audience in all probability knew nothing, and which they are not likely to hear again very soon; but it is questionable whether either of those masterpieces would have drawn a larger assembly. The attraction lay not in the oratorio, but in the singers—or rather, with all due deference to the worthy professional artists who assisted, in two of the singers.

For the present we must desist. There are many other concerts that demand a passing, some more than a passing, notice; but to these we must devote a second article.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET-MATCH.

THE absence of Mr. Fellowes was a sad and, till within a few days, a totally unlooked-for loss to Oxford, ill able to do without the services of the best bowler and one of the best bats in the two elevens. As we observed not long ago, superior bowling generally wins at Lord's; and though the great victory of Cambridge last week over a strong Marylebone eleven seemed to point to the likelihood of much run-getting on July the 1st, yet their subsequent defeat on the Oval by the weakest county in England took away a great deal from the glory of the first performance. It was to be remembered also that, with very few exceptions, men seldom bat up to their real form in the University match; a feeling of responsibility and, in some cases, of nervousness inducing an unusual amount of caution. Consequently, there were many who thought that, with all their batting ability, and with Mr. Fellowes, their most dangerous enemy, unfortunately removed from the scene of conflict, the Cambridge eleven were still by no means certain to obtain a very large score. On the other hand, no one could deny the ordinary character of Cambridge bowling, which, instead of improving, rather grew worse as it became better known in London; and it was felt that Oxford batting must be very bad, indeed worse than any hitherto heard of in a University eleven, if it could not make a tolerably successful resistance against such very commonplace attacks. To many men, therefore, the absence of Mr. Fellowes, deeply regretted as it was, seemed to be the one circumstance that placed the two sides almost on an equality. With him in the field and well, the victory of Oxford appeared to be a foregone conclusion; with him away, the result of the match was a mere toss-up, depending on weather, on light, on a couple of catches missed or taken, on a slip of the hand or a fly in the eye, and on such like accidents of cricket. Curiously enough, when the day came, these opinions were verified to the letter. A more evenly contested match, up to five o'clock on the evening of the second day, was never played. The superiority of the Cambridge batting was so exactly counterbalanced by the superiority of the Oxford bowling, that it was not until two or three easy chances were missed that the latter began to give way to the former. Few bowlers, however good, can keep up their pace and precision when their colleagues in the field are dropping easy catches; but had all the Oxford men played up to their bowlers as pluckily and as well as their wicket-keeper did, we think Cambridge would have had very hard work to win.

The first innings of Oxford, with which the match was commenced, was throughout illustrative of the weaknesses both of the in and of the out side. The ordinary bowling of Cambridge was more ordinary than ever; the second-rate batting of Oxford was reduced to a much lower degree of cricketing merit. Probably so many balls eligible for hitting were never bowled in the course of two hours; but the inability to bowl was more than equalled by the incapacity to hit. Mr. Case got 24, but we cannot compliment him on the performance. He was lucky in placing balls that he hit badly and tamely, and he was bowled in the end by a very simple ball. Mr. Boyle and Mr. Maitland did nothing, and the only one who played with judgment as well as with spirit was Mr. Carter, who treated the bowling with great ease, no doubt discovering before he had been in for five minutes that it was very poor stuff. In the end he hit one on his leg, whence it rebounded on the wicket; but his 26 were well obtained, and how others could fail to obtain a like number we cannot imagine. Mr. Reid knocked up 23 in a comparatively short time, but, as he has but small pretensions to be a batsman, the fact is an additional comment on the poor quality of the bowling. In all 112 runs only were obtained. There was some good batting shown by Cambridge in the afternoon, but nothing brilliant. They got 150 (with the assistance of 17 extras) but there was very little fine hitting. Mr. Winter was by no means himself, and we never saw him in so long for 16 runs, nor do we ever remember to have seen him let off so many loose balls. Neither were his hits good for the most part; and he was palpably missed at short-leg after he had only scored five. Mr. H. A. Richardson showed some good defence, but it made one quite nervous to see him perpetually putting his legs in front of the wicket; and we think that with his reach he might do a good deal more than he does—or we should say that he did on this occasion, for elsewhere he can play freely as well as surely. This 12,

however, were very useful, and were creditable to him. The best innings of the day was that of Mr. Stow, captain last year of the Harrow Eleven, who took no liberties, but played the game soundly and well. For the bowling was worthy of Mr. Fellowes's University. Mr. Kenney, indeed, sent a half volley to the off now and then, but they never touched them; and otherwise his bowling was both good and difficult. He had bad luck moreover, his balls continually being all about the stumps, and just failing to touch them, or else being "snicked" away into the slips. Mr. Carter also was very serviceable, and Mr. Maitland put himself on and took himself off with excellent judgment. In fact the management of the Oxford bowling was perfect. Against all this Mr. Stow maintained a steady defence, and his innings was the turning-point of that part of the game in favour of Cambridge. Mr. Warner backed him up, though with less correctness of style, and we were glad to see Mr. S. G. Lyttelton playing better than usual, though after he had got 17 his patience forsook him, and he rushed out at a slow and was forthwith stumped. There were twenty-five minutes for further play after the first innings of Cambridge was over, and in that time Mr. Tritton and Mr. Case hit up 29 runs. It seemed as if the spell was broken, and the eyes of the Oxford men had been opened to the simplicity of the bowling opposed to them. Had there been another hour for play there is no knowing what these two might not have done; but on the morrow all the hitting had departed, and the old tameness and timidity had returned. Let it not be supposed that we wish to grudge the praise due to the Cambridge bowlers for their success. Mr. Absolom is most persevering, and has a good head and considerable command of the ball. He varies his pace very judiciously, and is generally straight. But that is all. There is very little twist or break about his bowling, and, as it is not fast, a man has only to watch it, and, very frequently, to step out two feet and drive it along the ground. Mr. Pelham, every one knows, is excellent for a time, but he did not bowl nearly so well as usual in this match. Mr. Brune is very straight and, we should think, a charming practice bowler; but there are many straight and agreeable practice bowlers by whom a man would be ashamed to be bowled out more than once in a summer's afternoon. However, the promise of Monday evening was not destined to be fulfilled on Tuesday morning. Mr. Tritton added one and Mr. Case three to their previous scores. Mr. Boyle played a shocking innings for sixteen, which with decent luck would not have been six. Mr. Maitland then came, and, after being given in when most people thought he was caught out at the wicket, played in his last year's style, which we were delighted to see had not forsaken him. All the bowling, fast and slow, he treated with the greatest ease, and the score was rapidly increased. Every one had looked forward to a period in the game when the Cambridge bowling would be hopelessly knocked off; and now it seemed that the time was come. Partnered by Mr. Frederick, Mr. Maitland hit the loose balls, and never allowed a straight one to get near his wicket. How long he would have stayed if the bowling had continued straight we should be sorry to say; but unfortunately he hit out at a ball that was nearly wide, and, failing to reach it with the middle of his bat, was well caught at point.

In the last and most exciting stage of the game Cambridge had to get 110 runs to win. Not only was this the most exciting time, but by far the best cricket of the match was shown in these last hours on Tuesday afternoon. The bowling of Mr. Kenney was superb for a long time, and he was ably seconded by Mr. Carter; but both bowled with wretched luck. The mantle of Mr. Fellowes fairly fell on Mr. Kenney in this innings, for he was often not playable. His bowling cut, and broke, and bumped, and skinned all round and about the wickets, and when he was hit, he was generally hit in the air—and occasionally within fair reach of a pair of hands. And yet the wickets were just missed, and the catches were just missed, and it was not in human nature to go on against such ill-luck with continuous steadiness. Mr. Winter came first and gave a succession of chances. As people would not catch him out, he tried to run himself or partner out, and, after several efforts, succeeded in doing so. His innings of 27 was one of the worst we ever beheld. Almost every hit was a chance, or within a foot or so of being a chance. Mr. Stow and Mr. H. A. Richardson soon succumbed; so did Mr. Green; and when five wickets were down for 54 runs, and Mr. Kenney and Mr. Carter were bowling maiden overs, one after another, and Mr. Reid was keeping wicket with such surpassing ability that out of those five wickets three had fallen to him in succession—a feat unprecedented in the annals of amateur wicket-keeping to bowling as fast and as difficult as that of Mr. Kenney and Mr. Carter—Cambridge men began to think that a repetition of last year's defeat was in store for them. It seemed as if they were destined never to win, however favourable the circumstances might be, and however small the score might be that was set them to attain. Two powerful combatants appeared, however, just at the critical moment, and also, if we must confess it, just the two whom we should not have expected to shine forth in such an emergency. Two better innings than those of Mr. Warner and Mr. S. G. Lyttelton, against fine bowling, and at a time when the best batsmen would have felt nervous, we never wish to see. For the play of the latter of these two gentlemen we shall henceforth feel a respect that we have not entertained before; and we are glad that it fell to his lot to be one of the two who won the University match in 1867. How he must have struggled against his nature,

[July 6, 1867.]

which is to hit fast and freely, is proved by the fact that on Tuesday afternoon he was in nearly half an hour before he obtained a run. And for him, as for every one else who waits in patience, after having resisted the temptation of hitting at balls that should not be hit at, the reward came. For balls were bowled that might be hit at, and he hit at them, and he hit them, and Mr. Warner did likewise, and the fielding was very inferior, and by no means in accord with the bowling or the wicket-keeping; and so shortly before six, and after four successive defeats, victory once again came to Cambridge. A more evenly contested match, and one of which it was more difficult, even up to the last hour, to divine the issue, could hardly be imagined. A feather would have turned the scale either way; how much more the introduction of such a weighty power as Mr. Fellowes?

REVIEWS.

NEW EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.*

OF the recent editions of Shakspeare, that of Mr. Dyce represents the eclectic text of his plays, under its best form, weeded of rash conjectures and futile emendations, and that of Messrs. Clark and Aldis Wright the basis, or we might say the title-deeds, on which all editions succeeding that of Rowe in 1707 are founded. We have on former occasions noticed each of these excellent revisions of the text, and the few remarks we have now to offer will relate principally to their common or distinctive merits.

To no one, perhaps, is the old English drama, either at the present or in past time, more indebted than to Mr. Dyce. He combines in himself nearly all the qualities that go to the composition of a sound and sagacious editor. His industry is unremitting, his learning profound, his accuracy scrupulous, and the labour of his life has been to him a labour of love. Yet hitherto one gift has been wanting to complete his editorial endowments—the gift of boldness in asserting his title to maintain what long meditation has convinced him to be the right reading. *Vidit hactenus meliora—deteriora secutus est.* He has hitherto been too apt, from a kind of modesty by no means usual with editors, to leave a word or a phrase of which he disapproved in the text, and to relegate the reading which he preferred to the notes. His strong conservative spirit has often impaired his proper authority as a reviser and commentator. Shunning the extreme of rashness, he has until now steered too near the shoal of indecision. Rashness, indeed, has in past times played such pranks with Shakspeare's text that caution in dealing with it wore the semblance of virtue; but editorial, no less than moral, virtue may approach too near to Puritanism—may be too much attached to the form, and too regardless of the spirit, of just criticism.

It was, accordingly, with sincere pleasure that we read Mr. Dyce's own admission that hitherto he had been too scrupulous in revision, and that henceforward he had resolved to be bold. Such a profession from Mr. Collier or the majority of Shakspearian editors would justly awaken alarm in students of Shakspeare; and they might be tempted to anticipate more rending or more embroidering of lace on Shakspeare's coat, after the well-known method of the brethren Peter, Martin, and Jack in Swift's ingenious parable. But there is no reason to be under any alarm when Mr. Dyce announces that he purposes to be bold. He has too much knowledge, too much taste, and too much reverence for his author either to rend or to embroider unnecessarily. His present dealings with the text cannot be better explained than in his own words:—

With reference to the present (the second) edition [he writes in his preface], I would fain hope that, in ceasing to be a timid editor, I have not become a rash one; and that in dealing with the corruptions of the early copies, I shall be thought to have properly distinguished between emendations which may be regarded as legitimate, and such extravagant alterations as would almost lead to the conclusion that nature bestows the gift of common sense but very sparingly. Indeed I have passed over in silence an immense mass of so-called "corrections" of the latter description—not a few of which belong to a very recent period.

Hoc erat in votis. Of all living scholars in his line, Mr. Dyce is the least likely to be rash, and the best entitled to be bold in emendation. He is for Shakspeare very much what Porson was for the Greek dramatic poets. Their pretensions to suggest and often to determine a reading rest upon very similar foundations. Thoroughly versed in the language of their authors and of the times in which they wrote; acquainted with all the evil and all the good that had been wrought for the text by early or recent commentators; possessing that first of editorial virtues—honesty towards their authors, and also the next in rank, sound good sense in interpreting them; shunning theory as a pest, above petty vanity or jealousy—each a *lues editorum* in so many instances; turning aside neither to the right hand of silly compliment, nor to the left hand of as silly censure; practising a rigid economy in their illustrations, and yet exploring the dark and removing, where practicable, the doubtful places—each of these eminent

scholars has accomplished a work which may be improved in some parts, since "nought beneath the moon but suffers change," but of which in each case the actuating principle is a living one. The four plays of Euripides which Porson edited remain to this day materially as he left them, and it is scarcely rash to predict that Mr. Dyce's eclectic text of Shakspeare, as he has now delivered it, will prove to be made of equally "perdurableness."

Of the merits of the Cambridge editors we have already spoken on more than one occasion. And we have little more to add to our former judgment than congratulations on the close of their arduous six years' task. How arduous it has been can be known to those alone who have engaged in similar labours. A mere glance at the pages of the Cambridge Edition of Shakspeare will suffice to show that the toil of revision has been of no ordinary kind; and to all expert in such matters it is needless to point out how much more exacting must have been the toil of preparation. We trust that, after wading through the labyrinth of the early quartos and folios of Shakspeare, neither editor finds himself in the lamentable condition of Politian after his far less perplexing labours on the text of Herodian. Politian, at all events, had merely a corrupt manuscript, much the worse for damp and *obsceni mures et importuni vermes*, to deal with; and yet he bewails the detriment to his eyes, and hints that a staff and a well-trained dog may shortly be needed by him. Politian, however, laboured under infirmities from which we have every reason to believe Messrs. Clark and Aldis Wright to be exempt. He was much given to self-laudation, much also to grumbling, and his hint that he had nearly blinded himself in first deciphering and then translating Herodian may perhaps be put down to the joint account of love and commiseration for himself. If, however, any reader is in doubt as to the difficulty of conning for a series of days, weeks, and months the early editions of Shakspeare, we recommend him to enter upon a course of study of the excellent facsimiles of the quartos and first folio published by Mr. Lionel Booth, and to report to us upon the subject after a certain period of probation.

We shall now let the Cambridge editors speak, as far as our limits permit, for themselves. By this process, far more than by any statement of our own, we shall make palpable the nature, extent, and difficulty of the task they have so happily executed and completed. Like all true workmen, they admit that the labour they delight in brings with it in large degree its compensation:—

The work [they observe in their preface] of collating and editing, at least when undertaken on the large scale which we have attempted, is not merely the dry, mechanical, repulsive task which it is popularly supposed to be. The judgment has to be exercised at every step in the settlement of the text, in the application of rules previously laid down, and in discriminating between essential and unessential variations. Thus the labour of a conscientious editor, however humble and unambitious in its aim, is neither servile nor mechanical. If it is often unduly depreciated in public opinion, this is, in some degree, because each successive editor, being bound to correct the errors of his predecessors, necessarily brings these into undue prominence, which as he cannot in all cases acknowledge, he seems to ignore the services which they have rendered.

The plan which we have adopted gives to each his due, and will, we trust, secure a tardy justice for those whose merits have not been sufficiently recognised. But an editor of Shakespeare, even if he misses his meed of fame and praise, finds a sufficient reward in the labour itself. He feels that he is not, in Hallam's phrase, "trimming the lamp of an ancient sepulchre," but trimming a lamp which lights modern dwellings, and which will continue to light the dwellings of many generations of men yet to come. It is no mean task, but a noble privilege, to live in daily intercourse with the greatest of merely human men, to acquire a constantly increasing familiarity with the thoughts of the subtlest of thinkers and the language of the most eloquent of poets. The more we endeavour to fathom and to grasp the mind of Shakespeare, the more we appreciate his depth and his sublimity. As our knowledge grows, so also our admiration and our pleasure in the study increase, dashed only by a growing sense of the textual imperfections and uncertainties which stand between the author and his readers. For, beside the recognised difficulties, we are convinced that there are many passages still easily scanned and construed, and therefore not generally suspected of corruption, which nevertheless have not been printed exactly as they were first written. Some ruder hand has effaced the touch of the master.

This passage, the good sense and modesty of which it is unnecessary to commend, affords a striking contrast to the mode in which Shakespeare is treated in many prefaces of earlier date. In some cases the writers of them make it evident that they regard themselves as doing him honour by descending to his level from some higher sphere of studies. In others, they affect a kind of generosity in extenuating the poet's faults and commanding his merits. Some would have their readers understand that it is only their leisure hours which they have thought it right to give to Shakespeare; others that they bestow upon him time and eyesight—we do not add thought also—because it was a genteel thing so to do. One sign of grace, truly, both the condescending and the apologetic gentlemen seem to possess in common—they humbly believe themselves, as Shakspearian critics, inferior to the editors of Greek plays.

Again, the Cambridge editors, not unduly magnifying their vocation, deal even-handed justice to all their predecessors. They enumerate—

Rowe, himself a dramatist of no mean skill; Pope, with his deep poetic insight; Theobald, with his fine tact and marvellous ingenuity; Hanmer, whose guesses, however they may pass the sober limits of criticism, are sometimes brilliant, often instructive, and never foolish; Warburton, audacious and arrogant, but now and then singularly happy; Johnson, with his masculine common sense; Capell, the most useful of all, whose conscientious diligence is untiring, whose minute accuracy is scarcely ever at fault; Steevens, Malone, Blackstone, Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Rann, Boswell, Singer,

* *The Works of William Shakespeare.* The Text revised by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 8 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864-66.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by William George Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge; and William Aldis Wright, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College. 9 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

and Sidney Walker, with all their varied learning; together with all their successors of the present generation in England, Germany, and America, who have devoted themselves to the illustration of Shakespeare as a labour of love.

And they justly observe that such names as the foregoing dispose of two common imputations—one, "the notion so prevalent in Germany that Shakespeare has till of late years been neglected and undervalued by his countrymen"; and the other, that to be a commentator on Shakespeare is nearly synonymous with being a blockhead. We cannot, however, afford to be quite so charitable as the Cambridge editors are to some of their predecessors. Among the names they have enumerated there were some as fit for their duties as Bentley was to revise the text of *Paradise Lost*. Their incompetency, when they were incompetent, arose from two principal sources—ignorance and vanity. Many indeed were their lures to go wrong; and with some striking exceptions, those of Theobald and Capell especially, they were adepts in the art of self-delusion. Their imagination was unwholesomely active; and their forgetfulness of what, with a little pains, they might have known bears some resemblance to stupidity. For they imagined that one or another of the early impressions—we cannot dignify them with the name of editions—of Shakespeare might be relied upon for general accuracy; and they forgot that in the seventeenth century, if an author did not revise his own proof-sheets, no reader stood between him and the compositor. They imagined, at least some of them did, that Shakespeare wrote—or ought to have written—in the language of the next century, and corrected his text according to the *jus et norma loquendi* of their own, or at least the Queen Anne period. They forgot that between those centuries a wide chasm had opened, not merely in the written and spoken language of England, but also in English thought. Again, they forgot that it is an editor's duty, positive and flagrant errors of the printers apart, to be loyal to his author; that he should be, where explanation is necessary, a faithful interpreter; and in too many instances they imagined themselves capable of improving Shakespeare. They took more than legitimate advantage of Mr. Weston's rather questionable plea for verbal critics in his *proemium* to *Hermesianax, plus in bona conjectura laudis, quam in mala vituperationis*.

The number of labourers in the Shakspearian vineyard may seem to render it incredible to the uninformed in such lore that three hundred years after the poet's death such revisions as that of Mr. Dyce and the Cambridge editors should have been required. What possible gleanings, it may be asked, can have been left after the labours of Malone, Steevens, Capell, Reed, Johnson, and Farmer—not to come down into the time of Knight, Collier, and Singer? Yet such *cure posteriores* are by no means unusual in the case of writers not less popular, or even more popular, than Shakespeare. Southey, when he undertook to edit the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a work which at one time numbered readers by thousands when Shakespeare's plays numbered readers by tens, found that in the course of impressions the genuine text of that matchless allegory had been seriously injured by negligence or mistaken zeal. No portion of the voluminous writings of Jeremy Taylor has suffered so much from frequent reprinting as his *Holy Living and Holy Dying*. *Hudibras* and *Robinson Crusoe* may be added to the list of authors whose texts have suffered in the printer's hands. But in the case of Shakespeare's plays, various theories as to the early editions have aggravated the blunders incident to printers. They who had faith in the first or the second folio, or in the quartos, or in any eclectic text of the last century, forgot to ask themselves whether the sources of the text were in any instance, we will not say pure, but tolerably uninfect with errors. What were the laws of spelling and of syntax in the age of Shakespeare? What theory or system of metre or of syntax was held by the editor? As regards the first question, editors and readers alike omitted to inquire whether an English writer in the time of Elizabeth obeyed the rules which govern a writer in the time of Victoria? What is called "modern spelling," the Cambridge editors remark, "is, in fact, not so much an alteration of the old spelling as a reduction to uniformity, which obviates numberless misinterpretations." From the days of Rowe to the present time there has been a silent process at work in our language. Without the interference of Academies it has grown more and more uniform, sacrificing perhaps some vigour, but compensating for that sacrifice by consistency in its forms. But during the earlier stages of this progress the temptation was great to use the pruning-hook too freely; and Shakespeare, in the last century, was a principal sufferer from such indiscretion. Yet, the editors proceed, "hardly a word can be found which was not in old days occasionally spelt as it is spelt now. If Shakespeare could come to life again and read his own works in a modern edition, nothing in the spelling would seem to him strange"—except the uniform stamp of the orthography. As for prosody and syntax, it was assumed that Shakespeare held the metrical theory of Pope, and obeyed the laws of Lindley Murray!

We have room for only one more remark, and that is upon the tone of editors in the present days in comparison with the tone of the editors and commentators of the last century. Then it was nearly as impossible for one Shakespearian annotator—unless, indeed, they worked in "gangs"—to be on good terms with another as for a Grand Signor to be a loving brother, for one Greek scholar to look with favour upon another, or for Convocation to pass over without a scolding-match. Now a few lunges are occasionally exchanged between critics, but the comity of editorship is rarely violated; and the text of the most equable-tempered

of poets is no longer a ring for combatants, nor a pretext for calling in question the sanity as well as the knowledge of some odious rival.

We cannot better conclude this brief notice of the two most valuable and important editions of Shakespeare than with the words of one of the best, as he was one of the acutest and most conscientious of critics, Richard Porson. The reader will perceive that his idea of what an editor should be and do is realised alike by Mr. Dyce and by Messrs. Clark and Aldis Wright:

The first care of an Editor ought to be to settle the text, so as to preserve a due medium between rashness and timidity. Where the text is printed by itself, the best method perhaps is to insert in the text that reading which, from reason or authority, seems indubitably certain, with the discarded reading in the margin; and if a probable, but not absolutely certain, reading be proposed, to set it in the margin with some mark denoting the degree of authority or credibility to be allowed to it. Thus the reader would have before him a history of the text, and could seldom fall into error but through his own negligence.

GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.*

ENGLAND may well congratulate herself upon having produced worthies whose love of fame or whose native philanthropy was superior to the incitements of sordid interest or vulgar ambition. She has received greater honour from the names of Howard, Clarkson, and Wilberforce than she could have conferred on them. Her list of disinterested benefactors, which might be considerably enlarged, would not be complete without the name of James Oglethorpe. Certainly in his own day he received no other reward than fame for services of great and enduring value, and that fame hardly extended beyond his own lifetime. And we fear that the publication of this memoir is hardly calculated to redress the balance in favour of his memory; for, although it recounts many notable incidents in the hero's life, yet it fails to impress the mind with a clear and distinct picture of the man. The style of the author does not indeed tend to the vices of fine writing. It is plain and conscientious, but it is dull; and we feel, while we read the narrative of the several actions of his life, that they deserved a more vivid and picturesque record than that which is here presented to us.

James Oglethorpe, the scion of a very old Yorkshire family, which formerly possessed an estate of that name in the parish of Bramham, but lost it during the Civil War, was the third son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, a major-general in the service of James II., and was born in 1689. In consequence of his fidelity to his sovereign, Sir Theophilus was deprived of his commission after the Revolution, and retired to Westbrook, a property which he had bought in Surrey. His two eldest sons successively inherited this estate, which, after their deaths, devolved on James, who had enjoyed the threefold advantage of a University education, service as a volunteer in the Austrian army, and service as an officer in the British army. It was during the second of these epochs that the incident occurred which is thus described in the work before us:—

Boswell relates that, dining one day, in the year 1772, in company with Johnson and Goldsmith, at the General's house, in Old Palace Yard, the question having been started—"Whether duelling is consistent with moral duty?" the veteran fired up, and with a lofty air replied:—"Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honour." He then illustrated his argument by the following reminiscence:—"When a very young man ("I think," says Boswell, "only fifteen"), serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting at table in company with a Prince of Wurtemberg, who took up a glass of wine, and, by a filip, made some of it fly into Oglethorpe's face. The young soldier was in a dilemma. He durst not challenge so distinguished a personage, yet he must notice the affront. Therefore, keeping his eye upon His Highness, and smiling all the time, as if he took what had been done in jest, Oglethorpe exclaimed, "That's a good joke, but we do it much better in England," whereupon he flung a whole glassful of wine into the Prince's face. An old general who was present observed, "Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé;" and thus the affair ended in good humour.

In 1722 he entered Parliament as member for Haslemere, a borough which was destroyed by the Reform Act. He seems to have spoken frequently, and with a certain degree of vigour. On the Bill for inflicting pains and penalties on Bishop Atterbury, he veiled his objections to its harshness under a plausible protest against its impolicy:—

"It is plain," said he, "that the Pretender has none but a company of silly fellows about him; and it is to be feared that if the Bishop, who is allowed to be a man of great parts, should be banished, he may be solicited to go to Rome, and there be in a capacity to do more mischief by his advice than if he were suffered to stay in England under the watchful eye of those in power."

Shortly afterwards an incident happened which appealed to Oglethorpe's "vast benevolence of soul," and called forth his energetic interference. An unfortunate debtor, named Castell, had been committed to a spunging-house in which small-pox was notoriously raging, had caught the infection, and died of it, leaving behind him a family in utter destitution. Oglethorpe seized the occasion to examine and reform a system which was known to be tainted with horrible cruelty. He moved for and obtained a Committee, whose inquiries, resisted and thwarted as best they might be by the officials of the King's Bench, yet disclosed a state of facts which shocked the moral sense of the nation, and led to

* A Memoir of General James Oglethorpe, one of the Earliest Reformers of Prison Discipline in England, and the Founder of Georgia, in America. By Robert Wright, Author of "The Life of General Wolfe." London: Chapman & Hall, 1867.

[July 6, 1867.]

certain important reforms in the government of the Marshalsea, the Palace Court, and the Fleet. The whole condition of their management may be summed up in the statement that all the prison offices were bought in order to be let, and let to be underlet again. The prison of the Marshalsea was under the control of the Knight Marshal; the Knight Marshal appointed a deputy; the deputy let the lodgings to a butcher for a rent of 34*l.*; the butcher indemnified himself out of his wretched prisoners. This wretch—Acton by name—

encouraged among his old and hardened prisoners the practice of forcing those newly committed to pay "garnish," and of levying fines upon one another under frivolous pretences. The money thus exacted was spent at the tap-house; therefore those scoundrels who were most active in keeping up their cruel games were favoured by the gaoler as the best friends of the house. So openly permitted were these practices, that a table of garnish fees was hung up in each room. Some fines amounted to so much as seven shillings and sixpence; and any unhappy wretch who had not money to pay them was riotously surrounded by his fellow-prisoners, who stripped him of his clothes—a custom which, in their slang phrase, they called "letting the black dog walk."

It is needless to say that under such a *régime* there was no order, no decency, no cleanliness, no self-respect. The weak and timid prisoners were cowed and bullied by the strong and powerful; the wives of prisoners were assaulted by other prisoners, or by the brutal underlings of the horrid den; all were huddled and pigged together like beasts:—

The prisoners were locked up in their respective wards from eight o'clock at night to eight the next morning, and upon no occasion whatever could any of them get out. In low rooms, not sixteen feet square, thirty, forty, nay fifty human beings were crammed. The floor not being sufficient for the number of sleepers, half of them were suspended in hammocks; and so tainted was the atmosphere that during the previous summer several prisoners had perished from want of air.

* * * * *

When a poor prisoner had worn out the charity of his friends, consumed the money which he had raised upon his clothes and bedding, and, having eaten his last allowance of food, was no longer able to stand, provided he could raise threepence, the fee of the common nurse of the gaol, he was carried into the sick ward, where he lingered until death released him. A day never passed without a death, and in spring usually from eight to ten prisoners died every twenty-four hours. Many well-disposed persons left money and other contributions which would have sufficed for the maintenance of the destitute, but these donors, in concealing their names, through fear of ostentation, enabled the gaoler and his miscreants at the Lodge to pervert the charity moneys and defraud those for whose relief they were intended. The Begging Box also was an institution which yielded a rich harvest to the Deputy-Marshal and his myrmidons. Yet the practice of farming it was not peculiar to the Marshalsea; for the prisoners in the Fleet were cheated in the same manner.

* * * * *

In the Marshalsea were confined pirates, smugglers, and other ruffians whose conduct had been so insufferable that, to avoid their evil communications, several decent prisoners, who had hitherto patiently borne hunger and every other trial, attempted to escape by breaking a hole in the prison wall. Some of them were detected in the act, and the Deputy-Marshal made the circumstance an excuse for resorting to the thumbscrew. Seizing one of the culprits, in order to make him confess the names of all his accomplices, Acton and his men, in the words of the report, "screwed certain instruments of iron upon his thumbs, so close that they forced the blood out of them, with exquisite pain. After this he was carried into the Strong Room, where they fixed on his neck and hands an instrument called a collar, like a pair of tongs; and he being a large lusty man, when they screwed the instrument close his eyes were ready to start out of his head, the blood gushed out of his ears and nose, he foamed at the mouth and made several motions to speak, but could not. After these tortures he was confined in the Strong Room for many days, with a very heavy pair of irons, called shears, on his legs."

But this was not the worst. It was reserved for the officer of an English gaol to reproduce the worst atrocities which heathen poets feigned of ancient tyrants:—

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Complices manibusque manus atque orbis ora
Tortimenti genus! et longa sic morte necabat.

The Mezentius of the Marshalsea "actually coupled the living with the dead, and frequently locked up his prisoners for days in the same yard with unburied corpses." The upshot of these revelations was that many new regulations were established, many fees and pretexts for extortion abolished, that the way was smoothed for Howard's more complete reforms at a later date, and that now we who were born in happier days look back with contemptuous pity on an age in which gaolers and marshals paid yearly fines to Her Majesty's judges for permission to mulct, torture, and oppress unfortunate prisoners committed to their charge. Oglethorpe's share in the exposure and overthrow of these enormities was not unappreciated by the most eminent of his contemporaries. Thomson, in "*Winter*," "alludes to" his services (as our author phrases it) in lines which can only be called "undying" because Thomson's "*Seasons*" have been, by some peculiar caprice of fate, regarded as part of every bookseller's stock in trade.

But a wider and more important sphere was soon to be opened to Oglethorpe. He was to be the founder and organizer of an important colony, the lawgiver of a new community, and the interpreter between the civilization of England and the savagery of America. The bad feeling between England and Spain, which dated from centuries back and used every accidental occasion for expression and indulgence, had exposed both our traders in the Caribbean Sea and our colonists in America to repeated acts of pillage and annoyance. The colonists of South Carolina especially suffered from the incursions of neighbours on the Florida side, who pleaded the pretensions of the Spanish Crown in justification of their encroachments. It became an object of public policy to erect

a frontier-barrier which should protect the English, and define the Spanish, possessions. The establishment of this colony was in happy unison with Oglethorpe's pet scheme. For the poor debtors whose sufferings he had brought under the notice of the country and the Parliament, and for the persecuted Protestants of the Austrian Empire, an asylum would be found in the settlement which gave a new frontier to English power, and—we fear it must be added—a new *entrepot* for English smugglers. To attain this object an association was formed; the sympathies of charity and the energy of speculation were equally embarked in the enterprise. A charter from George II., dated 1732, created the country between the Savannah and the Altamaha, and from the headsprings of those rivers due west to the Pacific, into the province of Georgia, and placed it for twenty-one years under the guardianship of a corporation "in trust for the poor." The motto on the seal of the Corporation—*non sibi sed aliis*—expressed the disinterestedness of its founders, while the device of two figures supporting the Genius of Georgia, with a cap of liberty on her head, typified their abhorrence of slavery. Here, at any rate—while venality and corruption, oppression and misery, marred the older societies of Europe—here at least men were to live in peace, and earn a competence by the sweat of their brows, without the degrading contact or inhuman employment of servile labour. The views of the Company were, however, too vast. The territory which was to form the single colony of Georgia now comprises parts of the States of Mississippi, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, and California—a region altogether many times vaster than Great Britain and France. It has taken part in two great revolutions. In the lifetime of its founder and first Governor it repudiated its prohibition of slavery. It became like its neighbours; it bought and imported negroes; and it shared in the struggles and the success of its insurgent sisters.

Oglethorpe's exertions in forwarding this enterprise naturally led to his being appointed Governor of the young colony. The same disinterestedness which had inspired him and his colleagues in their previous labours inspired him in accepting this office. As the trustees had undertaken their trust on condition of receiving no territorial grants, so he undertook his office on the condition of receiving no salary; and on the 15th of November, 1732, he embarked at Gravesend with a motley suite of destitutes and distress recruited from many ranks and many nations—poor gentlemen, the victims of the spunging-house and the debtors' ward; the refuse of the idle and unemployed poor of London, together with certain industrious artisans and labourers. Oglethorpe and his party dropped anchor outside the bar of Charleston, in South Carolina, on the 13th of January, 1733. After passing on to the frontier town of Beaufort, he ascended the river which was to form the boundary of the new colony, and gave the name to the city of Savannah, which he founded on its banks. The history of its foundation, as described by two visitors from South Carolina (p. 64), is very interesting. Oglethorpe represented the old heroic type of colonist—plain, simple, frugal, and benevolent. He was called by his people "Father." He was their ruler and their judge; decided their quarrels; assigned their work; prevented them from drinking spirits; and cultivated relations of amity with the Creeks and other Indian tribes in the neighbourhood, whose manners and opinions he diligently studied. After allotting the lands and grounds to the young community, settling some exiled Protestant Salzburgers, and making excursions into the interior, he prepared to return to England. His departure caused great grief among his people, who wept bitterly on bidding him adieu. On his return home he resumed his duties in Parliament, and used his influence there to legislate for the new Georgian dependency. Two Bills were passed—one to prevent the importation of spirituous liquors, the other that of negro slaves, into the province. At the end of 1735 he set out again for his Government with about three hundred emigrants, among whom were persons of good family and some means, and sixty Salzburgers and other German Protestants. Among other companions were the brothers Wesley, then stirred by the first impulse of that religious enthusiasm which was to work such a change in the middle-class life of England. Charles Wesley, who at that time was not less impulsive and wayward, and more vain and self-opinionated, than even at a later period of his life, was Oglethorpe's private secretary—a position in which his temper peculiarly enabled him to fret and irritate his chief. The characters of the two men make their dissensions the more remarkable; and it is curious to observe that one cause of Oglethorpe's displeasure was that Charles Wesley "set more value upon baptism by immersion and other rubrical formularies than upon love, meekness, and true religion." In the early part of February, 1736, they arrived off Savannah, where Oglethorpe was received by a body of freeholders under arms, and a salute of twenty-one guns from the fort.

His labours in his government were neither few nor unimportant. He had to redress the grievances and appease the disaffection of the settlers, many of whom evinced the greed and unscrupulousness common to all British colonists; he had to diplomatisize with the Spanish authorities in Florida, to keep the neighbouring Indians friendly to himself and to each other, to maintain a state of military discipline and preparation among his own followers, to resist aggressions and negotiate treaties. In all these undertakings Oglethorpe combined singular tact and address with intrepidity and resolution. He never risked the lives of his small force by courting a conflict when he could succeed either by stratagem or by negotiation; and whenever he was compelled to fight, he

contrived to acquit himself with credit. At the beginning of 1737 he was again in London, charged with the duty of bringing under the notice of the Trustees of the Colony and of the Ministry the Spanish encroachments in Georgia. It was during this period that Johnson published his *London*, which called forth a complimentary letter from Oglethorpe, and was the foundation of his friendship with the author. The journals of that day affirm that the highest testimony to the value of his services was given by the Court of Spain, which had requested that he might be removed from his office. By the end of September, 1738, Oglethorpe had again returned to Georgia, having been appointed colonel of a newly-raised regiment, and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia and Carolina. His usual visits of exploration and of friendly intercourse were about this time varied by the necessity of suppressing a mutiny of his own soldiers and a rising of the negroes of Carolina. These duties he discharged with the coolest intrepidity, and reported home in a style of singular modesty. The commencement of hostilities between Spain and England taxed his resources as a general to the utmost. An attack upon St. Augustine failed, partly through want of concert between Oglethorpe and the naval commander, and partly through the cowardice of his Carolina troops. The obloquy which this failure directed against Oglethorpe was neutralized by the public eulogies of men of station and professional knowledge like the Duke of Argyll.

It may be added that a partial interruption of his friendly intercourse with the Indians was caused by his prohibition of the cruelties which his Indian allies practised on their prisoners. They were disgusted at the inexplicable humanity of the English General and returned home. The next two years he was engaged in defending Georgia; and he did this so successfully that the Spaniards ultimately retreated, and both Georgia and Carolina were saved. During all this time he had many difficulties, both civil and military, to contend with. In addition to performing the duties of an engineer, a commodore, and a general, he used his powers as a legislator and an administrator in resisting the efforts of many agitators to introduce the institution of slavery, and other machinations of disaffected intriguers. And, as happens to every Colonial Governor in times of peculiar difficulty, he had little support or encouragement from home.

After having saved two important colonies and the English trade which depended upon their safety, Oglethorpe returned to England in 1743, not to receive rewards and thanks, such as Admiral Vernon had received for services far less valuable, but to find his accounts disputed, and to be refused the repayment of moneys he had expended for the public service. The detriment which his private fortune had sustained was repaired by his marriage to the heiress of Sir Matthew Wright in 1744. With other property she brought him the manor of Cranham in Essex, where Oglethorpe, with brief intervals of absence, passed the last forty years of his life. He was first recalled to active service by the rebellion of 1745, when, with the rank of Major-General, he joined the forces sent against the Pretender at Newcastle. His conduct in this position did not satisfy his chief, the Duke of Cumberland, by whose directions he was tried by court-martial for having "lingered on the road," but was honourably acquitted. After this, Oglethorpe devoted himself for some years to his Parliamentary duties and society, giving the Government and the Legislature the benefit of his knowledge and experience in matters which related either to the army or the colonies, and enjoying the conversation of men of letters. His connexion with Georgia ceased in 1752, in which year he resigned the Government which he had held for twenty years, and the province which he had created obtained the same constitution as its sisters. In 1754 he lost his seat in Parliament; in 1765 he became a full general. He cultivated the friendship of Goldsmith and Johnson, and revived an interrupted intimacy with Horace Walpole. In 1784 Hannah More writes:—

I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure of a man you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great; his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever.

In 1785 he was seen by the poet Rogers at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, and told him that he had formerly shot snipes on the site of Conduit Street. In April of the same year Horace Walpole wrote of him thus:—

His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirit and his spirit are in full bloom. Two years and a half ago he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor.

But in the following July a violent fever carried him off.

In tracing his career, one cannot but observe what a fickle and uncertain thing fame is. Many men have done less and been longer remembered than Oglethorpe. Celebrated by Pope and Thomson, lauded by Johnson, Hannah More, and Horace Walpole, he is comparatively unknown to the present age. Yet he consummated and completed the great work of American colonization which Raleigh had begun; he united, as the heroes of olden days united, the functions of a military commander and a civil administrator; he anticipated Howard and the modern philanthropists in the removal of abuses which were a flagrant scandal at once to the humanity, the justice, and the civilization of England; and his rare intervals of leisure were cheered by the familiar intercourse of

scholars, poets, and wits. It is only to be regretted that his biographer has not been able to photograph a life so varied, so interesting, and so instructive.

THE CROWNED HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES.*

MODERN scholars are apt to do less than justice to Euripides. They find grander effects and more poetic attractions in Aeschylus and Sophocles, and are wont to take the word of Aristophanes for the ridicule and contempt which he pours out upon the son of the herb-seller. Yet candour, making her award after hearing evidence, would be forced to admit that, after certain allowances for acknowledged defects, Euripides is neither in style nor teaching unfit to rank with his great contemporaries. If his choral odes have less connexion than theirs with the action of the drama, they are full of lyric beauty and mythic allusion, each precious for its own sake. Is he given to didactic soliloquies? It is a feature also in one of our greatest poets; for Milton was a diligent student of Euripides, and, in this as in other points, disdained not to emulate him. And as to his supposed moral obliquities, his misogyny, his irreligion, his immorality, it may be doubted whether in the first case he has not been misinterpreted, and in the second and third misunderstood. He is less superstitious than Sophocles; that is the answer to the latter counts. He paints women good and bad, and if his experience made him disposed to exaggerate the darker shades, we may pity him individually, at the same time that we own that his portraits of the worse specimens of woman-kind were more calculated to put down profligacy than the light satire of Aristophanes. No one doubts that he showed up female character as it came before him in the scandals of contemporary Athens; but, if we take the play which is chiefly in the mouth of his objectors, the *Hippolytus*, it is curious how delicately and purely the subject is handled. Phaedra is the victim, not the slave, of passion. She prefers death to dishonour, and is indefensible only in her bitter revenge upon the scornful indifference of Hippolytus. The nurse, no doubt, is an old harridan with glib and over-clever tongue, but surely Phaedra herself is a purer study than the Parisine of a modern poet. Much misunderstanding of Euripides is due to ignorance. Boys read and forget "Porson's four," and are not much encouraged to refresh and widen their Euripidean knowledge at the Universities. And this poet has been cruelly dealt with by translators. Fox and other great Englishmen have said a good word or two for Euripides, but neither their contemporaries nor our own have paid him hitherto the homage of a good translation. Woodhull and Potter were lame and sorry workmen. A Mr. Cartwright, some two years back, hit upon the tribute of a translation of three of the best plays, the *Medea* and the two *Iphigenias*, but his offering was spoilt by wretched weakness and boggling. Gladly, therefore, do we call the attention of readers to the earnest of a better "time coming" for Euripides, which is just given to the world by a new debutant in the field of translation, Mr. Maurice Purcell Fitzgerald. A safe augury of the merits of his *Hippolytus* might be drawn from the fact that Mr. Bodham Donne has overlooked the sheets during their passage through the press; but their title to be read needs no sponsor or *deus ex machina*, and consists in their freshness of tone and spirit, their unpedantic naturalness, their wholesome English rhymes and rhythms, and their faithful but not servile accuracy of representation. If the *Hippolytus* is Mr. Fitzgerald's first essay in translating Euripides, there is some hope for a rehabilitation of that poet's character, provided only a few more of his masterpieces, translated into English by the same hand, do equal justice to the original master, and equally assert the translator's fitness for his task.

The prime excellence of this version (we confine ourselves for the present to the *Hippolytus*) is the absence of new-fangled crotchetts and systems of translation, such as nowadays vex readers and translators. Here the chorus, unapologized for by prosy introductions, trills a downright English song that glads the heart of one who has just rubbed his eyes to see whether he has read aright some drowsy disquisition on the duty of representing Greek metres in English with photographic exactness. In the more sensible judgment of this translator, resemblance of spirit appears to be the chief aim; and he has eyes to see that if the thought and expression of the Greek are approximately realized in English, an English lyric garb will clothe that thought and expression more winningly and truly than a bastard compromise between old and new, between Greek and English. As is meet, where striking and poetic Greek phrases can be reproduced in translation, this is manfully attempted, and is achieved for the most part so freshly and naturally that no sense of pedantry or laboured effect results from the perusal, but rather one envies the boldness which by the same operation conceives and renders the spirit of the original. The result is calculated to give English readers a truer taste of Euripides. When, in the first chorus (p. 9), Mr. Fitzgerald comes upon the curious expression *καὶ ἀποστοινος στόμαρος—Δάμαρπος ἀτράς δίπας ἄγνως ιαχεῖν* (136-8), he has rightly felt that it is susceptible of a literal rendering, and effectively turns it—

Three days hath Ceres' bounty been withheld,
Three days her fair lips have been pure from food;

* The Crowned Hippolytus of Euripides, with a Selection from the Pastoral and Lyric Poets of Greece. Translated into English Verse by Maurice Purcell Fitzgerald. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

whilst at other times he sees that an expression will have to be broken up and reset in translation, though even then he is sedulous to retain every point of his original. Thus, in the same chorus, λύτρα δ' ἦρη πάθιν εὐαία διότερα φυχάν; is fully, but not servilely, rendered:—

And does she with her sorrow sore oppress
Lie prisoned to the pillows of unrest?

And, again, at 664-5 the downright words of the woman-hating Hippolytus are relieved of the baldness which would cling to any literal rendering when resolved as below:—

μισῶν δ' οὐπορ' ἴμπληθήσομαι
γυναικας, οὐδ' οἱ φησὶ τις μ' αἱ λίγειν.
No feast of hate can satisfy my greed.
Not if men cast my hatings in my teeth
As endless iteration.—P. 35.

But, further, Mr. Fitzgerald has that tact and discretion which is not always displayed by translators. He knows when to be distinct, and when it is needful that he should be of set purpose ambiguous. None will doubt that there is a realistic touch in translating,

νῦν δὲ αὖ φυμάθοις
ἰπ' ἀκμάντας πώλων ἵρασι.
And now fleet steeds are thy desire
Upon the unripped shore.

It was not peculiar to the Greeks, as those would know who have visited one of our popular bathing-places in past days, to make the seashore above water-mark an extempore racecourse. But when Mr. Fitzgerald had to render into English

ὅταν γάρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖσιν ισθλοῖσιν δοκύ,
ἴη κάρτα εὖξι τοῖς κακοῖς εἴναι καλά·

a sound instinct taught him to satisfy the implied antithesis of rich and poor, noble and base, aristocratic and democratic, by the deliberate vagueness of his indefinite language:—

And when the better sort
Take evil for their good, be sure the base
Will cling to it as supreme excellence.—P. 23.

As specimens of Mr. Fitzgerald's command of lyric power for the purposes of translation, we might cite the first chorus for its passages of rare beauty; or the nurse's questionable disquisitions touching life in general, and self-willed patients in particular, as characteristically rugged in the metre which is made to express them:—

Better be sick than be the sick one's nurse;
Sickness is sickness, nothing worse;
Nursing is sorrow in double kind;
Sorrow of toiling hands, sorrow of troubled mind.—P. 11.

But perhaps readers will be more taken with the simplicity and unlaboured grace of the chorus beginning ἀλβάροις ἵπο κενθιώσις γενομένης (732, &c.):—

O that I were hid from sight
In the abysmal vaults of night,
And some god who saw me there
Up among the flocks of air
Winged for flight would raise me high,
To join the sweet birds' company!

* * * * *
Then far wandering over seas
I should reach the Hesperides,
All along whose blissful shore
Flowers and fruits bloom evermore:
Still they chaunt a solemn strain,
And the monarch of the main
Watches o'er the awful goal
Of the Atlas-shouldered pole,
And no mariner steers through
The silence of those waters blue,
Where are streams of nectar welling
Upwards towards Zeus's dwelling,
And the bounteous earth supplies
Ambrosia for the deities.—P. 38-9.

If for the words which we have italicized, in vv. 7-8, we might substitute "That" and "might," so as to convey, as the Greek does, the expression of a wish, there is very little in these lines which we should care to see improved. And this is not less the case with the translation of the iambic than of the lyric passages. There is enough of dignity in them, without any stiltedness. But how can we venture to quote them? We fear that some lady readers will wish that the "index expurgatorius" were in vogue here as in the Papal States, so that the libels of Hippolytus in pp. 33 and 34 on the fair sex might be doomed to endless darkness. Those learned ladies who so strenuously bestir themselves to get the franchise, and all the other rights of women which the old world conspired to deny to them, would be scandalized above measure at the treason talked against their order in this drama; and even the Mrs. Poysers of society would find the dictum of their typical head, "that the women are weak, as God made them, to match the men," partially anticipated in the closing words of a speech of the nurse in p. 26:—

Be sure some remedy will come to light,
For if we women failed to find the means,
Twere long indeed ere men discovered them.

Yet, though we cannot multiply quotations, there is every reason that we should recommend the study of this translation to all readers who care to judge accurately of Euripides. Such a study will result in his acquittal of many of the charges laid against him, and

will serve to disperse the mists of prejudice. In justice to the tragedian upon whom he has tried his hand, Mr. Fitzgerald must now bestow his leisure on more attractive heroines than Phaedra—such as Iphigenia and Macaria, Alcestis, and even Andromache. The instances of misinterpretation with which we have met are so very few and far between as to induce a conviction that the task of translating other plays of Euripides would not be serious or stiff to him. There seems to be no mistake in rendering

ἀς τάχος διστίον
τὸν εὐθὺν εὔποντας ἀμφὶ σὺν λόγον (vv. 491-2),

And we must cast about who shall convey

The plain straightforward message of the passion;

the meaning being rather, "And we must arrive at a distinct understanding of the sentiment of Hippolytus, by telling him the direct truth about you." But this is one of the very few passages which call for correction.

The idylls of the pastoral poets are also very happily rendered in this volume. It may be an old-world fancy, but we should have preferred to see them done into the rhyming couplet or the Spenserian stanza, whereas Mr. Fitzgerald for the most part reproduces the pastoral strain in the less kindred measure of blank verse. But if we have a grudge against the metre, it is diminished, as we read on and on, by the even faithfulness and sustained soundness of the translation. There are two or three crabbed passages in the first idyl, in which those familiar with Theocritus look out for a translator's performance. In these and in other like places he keeps his footing manfully. "The Walk in Spring," as he appropriately heads "The Thalusia," reads in his English idyllically, if we may so speak:—

All had a scent of bounteous summer, all
Savoured of rich ripe fruit-time. At our feet
Pearls in profusion rolled, and by our side
Fell store of apples; heavy-laden boughs
Bent down to earth with burden of their plums,
And from the cask the four-year seal was loosed.—P. 107.

"The Adoniazusse" (Idyl xv.) is on the whole fairly representative of its imitable original, and that is saying more than could be said for all translations of it. The quaint dialogue between the fishermen (134-6) is translated neatly and lovingly. So is the idyl of "The Dioscuri," and we forgive Mr. Fitzgerald's adhesion (*pro hoc vice*) to the pestilent heresy of hexameters for the spirit which he throws into them when representing the slanging-match between Polydeuces and Amycus (pp. 139-41):—

AMYCUS. I will be thine, as thou shalt be mine if I turn out the victor.
POLYDEUCES. This is the way that cocks crimson-crested settle their battles.

AMYCUS. Whether or not either cocks or lions fight in this fashion,
This and none other for thee and me shall be prize of battle.

The boxing-match is described in blank verses very tellingly, and would probably be intelligible from its accuracy to the *metres* of Heenan or Sayers. The hendecasyllabics in 170-171 are not so successful, but they are atoned for by the pretty fourteen-syllable verse which represent the "Dirge for Adonis," by Bion.

We will only add that, had we space to notice the last portion of the volume, which gives a selection of gems from *Lyric and Later Greek Poets*, with choice blossoms from the Anthology, we should find no ground for abating that need of praise to Mr. Fitzgerald's taste, spirit, and general happiness of execution which, as our remarks will have shown, we consider the bulk of his volume to have earned.

JESSIE'S EXPIRATION.*

ONE of the chief difficulties in writing a novel is to make the sayings and doings of the characters in it consistent with what is set forth about them at starting. They are apt to be one thing when the author speaks of them in the third person, and quite another when they speak for themselves in the first. Long before the third volume is reached all identity is lost. The sequel stands in hopeless contradiction to the preface. For this reason we have always thought Miss Austen's method of simply announcing a character and leaving him to describe himself, not only the most artless way of proceeding, but the safest rule for an inexperienced writer to adopt. In *Emma*, for instance, which is perhaps the greatest of her imitable series, Mr. Woodhouse is introduced in the briefest possible manner as a somewhat nervous old gentleman. He is left by his words and acts to exhibit the most perfect picture of amiable egotism and valetudinarian timidity. Mr. Oswald Boyle would have done well, we think, to have followed this example. Had he done so, his hero would have been, if not a more remarkable, at least a more harmonious and intelligible character. Lord Rendover, one is given to understand, is a nobleman of the cool, daring, unscrupulous, unprincipled school. He was not a man to court danger for danger's sake. He was a brave man, but anything but a rash one. Cool and judicious, he knew that a varied life offers a sufficient number of unanticipated perils to make it quite unnecessary for a man wantonly to evoke them. He preferred to keep his valour in reserve for sterling emergencies. But when one comes to examine the conduct of this cool, daring, titled Mephistopheles, it appears to be nothing but a tissue of fatuous folly. He is always evoking perils and creating emergencies. One of his projects is to abduct a pretty girl from a Devon-

* Jessie's Expiration. By Oswald Boyle. London: Tinsley Brothers.

shire farm. It does not require much insight into the counsels of wicked peers to know how such a person would in all probability proceed. The job would be very effectually, but very quietly and discreetly, managed. Now let us see the steps which the cool and judicious Lord Rendover takes to effect his lawless purpose. He is staying at the house of a friend when a burglary is attempted. One of the burglars he had known as a billiard-marker. Surprising him in the act of entering the library window, he takes him into his confidence, and bids him admit his companions. Why he should be so anxious for a burglary to take place is a mystery which we are unable to fathom; and although he stipulates that the property to be stolen shall be his own, and his own throat the only one that shall be squeezed, his conduct in making himself accessory to a burglary strikes us as hardly fair to his host. As far as we understand, however, the object of this wonderful scheme is first to obtain the services of the burglars in carrying off Jessie Shoreham, and then to get rid of them by having them arrested on the charge of burglary. Accordingly, no sooner has the abduction been accomplished through their instrumentality than they are clapped into Exeter Gaol, and sentenced at the assizes to transportation for life for the burglary, Lord Rendover rather gratuitously perjuring himself to secure their conviction. Now, putting aside abduction as a crime quite in keeping with the character of a bloated aristocrat, we venture to think that so astute a peer would hardly be likely to complicate matters by procuring a burglary and perjuring himself in a very gross manner. Still less likely is it that he would go out of his way to put himself in the power of a low billiard-marker, who might at any moment split upon him, and who in the end betrays him. And, as if the chapter of improbabilities was not yet exhausted, our author gives us to understand that all this cumbersome and roundabout ingenuity was completely thrown away. The fair Jessie, though installed in a pleasant villa at Windsor, rejects her abductor's dishonourable proposals, and by dint of moping and weeping soon becomes such a nuisance that he is glad enough to marry her to some one else. Nor is Lord Rendover less incomprehensible or more unsuccessful in his matrimonial projects than in those of a less creditable kind. As burglary occurs to him as a necessary preliminary to carrying off one girl, wholesale bribery occurs to him as the most natural way to win another. He has made up his mind to marry Gertrude Blessington, the reigning beauty of the season. Of course the young lady has many admirers, and among others Chichester Fleetwood, who, to win her favour, is courting the suffrages of a corrupt little borough. To spoil his rival's chance of distinction, Lord Rendover determines to oppose his election, and by an expenditure of 20,000*l.*—nothing to a peer with 80,000*l.* a year—succeeds in his spiteful purpose. Not content with the mortification and loss thus inflicted on poor Mr. Fleetwood, he goes on to entangle him in a big bet on the Goodwood races, and finally, on his failing to meet his engagements, forces him, under a threat of exposure, to marry a woman who passes for his cast-off mistress. One would have thought that no one, least of all a cool, sagacious plotter like Lord Rendover, would have taken the trouble to ruin an inoffensive gentleman without previously ascertaining that he really was a formidable rival. As a matter of fact, Chichester Fleetwood is no rival at all, Miss Blessington's interest in him being purely Platonic, and her heart being disposed of elsewhere. As might be supposed, she is sufficiently disgusted at the treatment which her friend has received to meet Lord Rendover's proposal for her hand with a torrent of invective, in the course of which her generous indignation leads her to use some very strong language for a young lady whose speciality was nobility of mind. The fastidious reader will be almost tempted to agree with the discomfited peer that a girl who could call a gentleman a liar, and talk of hersewhipping him if she were a man, was "scarcely fit to be a wife at all."

After Lord Rendover, the next most elaborate character is Gertrude Blessington, who might more properly give her name to the book than Jessie, who is a very tame and colourless personage, and whose "expiation," so far as we see, consisted merely in living in a comfortable villa, ostensibly under Lord Rendover's protection, and ultimately marrying happily, and much above her station. We can quite see that Miss Blessington is meant to be a character of the most elevated type. Our author describes her as having always manifested a turn for nobleness. Nobody could say when it had begun in her. From her earliest childhood she had always been noted for taking the heroic side, the lofty view of things. She was so firmly set in nobleness, that noble doing came to her as by instinct. In spite, however, of this alleged congenital nobleness, we must frankly own that Gertrude Blessington appears to us neither a very delicately-drawn nor altogether agreeable character. She reminds one unpleasantly of the "superior person" of real life, who is always setting people to rights with a provoking air of self-satisfaction. She is a thorough prig in petticoats. With all her excellences she is without charm. Still her rejection of Lord Rendover and his eighty thousand a year, and her marriage on five hundred a year to the man of her heart, are acts which atone in great measure for her preachiness. It is quite refreshing to find novelists returning to the good old precedents of the earlier school of fiction, and making heroines marry, not for money, but for love. If novels have the influence which Mr. Boyle claims for them, and which we are quite disposed to allow that they have, it is highly desirable that their teaching on the matrimonial question should be sound and orthodox. Young ladies, who form the class most likely to be influenced by them, ought to be taught to admire the qualities which are really admirable in the opposite sex, and not the mere adventitious glitter of

rank or wealth. In too many modern novels, especially in those which proceed from the fluent pen of the most popular authoress of the day, young ladydom has been told to worship the golden calf. After these, a story in which the heroine marries for sentiment is a relief. We must confess, however, that apart from the disinterestedness of her marriage, we see very little to like in Beauty Blessington. No doubt there are many young men who like to confide in a pretty girl, and ask her advice and all that sort of thing, just as there are many young ladies who dearly love to be the recipients of this sort of confidence. But Beauty Blessington is an exaggerated specimen of the drawing-room directress. Her fussy argumentative enthusiasm would have driven any one but so poor a creature as her lover wild. And the tone of assumption towards him after marriage, with the intellectual coddling to which he is subjected, is simply ludicrous. Imagine a young wife forbidding her husband to write in a magazine, with the following observation:—"I should not like you to waste your time and injure yourself by writing—printing, of course, I mean—anything prematurely, and before it could possibly be good, merely in order to add a little more to our means." How she always counselled nobleness! exclaims our author fondly; but why it was noble to prevent her silly but well-meaning husband from eking out a small income by a few magazine articles we are at a loss to perceive. Later on, when they have lost some money, she tells him that she will give in about his working a little, instead of devoting all his time to study. "It will only make a difference of a few years," she adds; "you will begin to make your mark at forty-three instead of forty." What the great work was, in preparing for which he was to be kept *in statu pupillari* by his wife till the mature age of forty-three, is left in profound mystery. But surely all this is very gushing and unreal. It is a concealed schoolgirl's notion of love in a cottage, all honeysuckle and no earwigs, with the additional luxury of a husband to lecture. But it is no more like real life than a Watteau group is like real shepherds and shepherdesses. As a matter of fact, we know that a woman who married on five hundred a year could not afford to let her husband do nothing in the way of bread-winning until he was forty-three. Mrs. Percy Carynton's "nobleness" would inevitably have landed herself and her husband in bankruptcy, had not a timely windfall of eighty thousand a year come to extricate them from the inevitable consequences of so expensive a quality.

Notwithstanding the monstrous improbabilities which have been needlessly imported into this book, it is readable, and for a first work, which we take it to be, even promising. Mr. Oswald Boyle writes good English, and his style is lively, and many of the minor characters are cleverly sketched. Mr. Blessington is a good picture of the blunt, sensible, old English squire, not over-enlightened, but full of a hearty contempt for all romantic nonsense. His wife, with her deeper insight into their daughter's character, her timid diplomacy on her behalf, and her diffidence of everything that had not received the express sanction of her husband, is a still happier delineation. Another amusing sketch is that of the great commercial house of Underhill, Morris, and Underhill, with its opulent mansions, great Parliamentary influence, and cautious theology; and its one black sheep in the person of Atwell Underhill, whose extravagant career is the solitary blot on its dull but respectable escutcheon. Atwell has married a pretty, flirting adventures, over whose gay life the solemn and respectable ladies of the Underhill and Morris firm shake their heads, while her connexion with the family compels them to notice her. The fair Godiva, however, is more than a match for any of them. The scene in which the elder Mrs. Underhill pays her a patronizing visit, bringing a present of flowers for her poor relation, and is scandalized to find the hall decked with a very choice bouquet from Covent Garden, and retires completely discomfited by the smiling tactics of her coquettish daughter-in-law, is a genuine bit of drawing-room comedy. It satisfies us that Mr. Oswald Boyle's strength lies in the portrayal of manners and society, rather than, as he seems to imagine, in elaborating an ingenious plot, or dressing up marvellous incidents in an effective manner. We hope that he may be induced to see this himself. If in his next work he keeps a tight rein on the curiously roundabout ingenuity which disfigures this, and abstains from describing as Machiavellian people who act like idiots, he may perhaps achieve something much better than Jessie's *Expiation*.

URICONIUM.*

AS Mr. Wright's work on Uriconium is now, after some delay, announced for speedy publication, it may be rash to measure the interest of the ruins laid bare on that site on the strength only of Mr. Anderson's account of them. It is not, indeed, easy to understand why Mr. Anderson, who admits his obligations to Mr. Wright, should have been anxious to publish his book at all. There is doubtless some knowledge worth the having to be obtained from the relics of all Roman cities, and our time may be spent more satisfactorily in digging out the buildings of a people of whom we know something, than in poring over defaced inscriptions of Chaldeans and Assyrians of whom we know nothing. But even over Roman works we have no business to waste more

* *The Roman City of Uriconium at Wroxeter, Salop; illustrative of the History and Social Life of our Romano-British Forefathers.* By J. Corbet Anderson. London: J. Russell Smith. 1867.

[July 6, 1867.]

time than may be necessary; and, for all that Mr. Anderson has told us, the story of the excavations at Uriconium might be given in some twenty or thirty pages.

Placed at the foot of the Wrekin, somewhat to the left of the hill, Uriconium (as the Romans pronounced a name which reappears in Brecon and Brechin) may have been built before the close of the first century of Roman conquest in Britain. It was certainly in existence in the time of Ptolemy, who speaks of it as situated in the country of the Cornavii. Through the centre of the town passed the Roman road of Watling Street, which crossed the Severn a little to the south of the village of Wroxeter. The circumference of the walls seems to have somewhat exceeded three miles, but the singular course which they follow makes it likely that at first the town was an open one. The situation is one of great beauty, and the eye ranges over the Stretton hills to the distant Welsh mountains, while the Wrekin, the Lawley and Caradoc, tower upwards on the right.

This town was sacked and burnt, but of the time of its destruction we know nothing positively, although the catastrophe probably followed the downfall of Roman power in this country. The smaller or more insignificant buildings were soon buried beneath the accumulated soil; the remains of the larger structures, and more especially of the walls, served as quarries for mediæval builders, who, not caring to dig below the surface, only added to the thickness of the covering which hid the rest of the town from view. The old tradition, however, never wholly died away, and the peasants spoke of huge hoards of money awaiting the lucky finder, as the inhabitants of Granada dream of Moorish treasures hid in the vaults of the Alhambra. But within the last century and a half discoveries of a more solid kind have been made. Tessellated pavements forming the floor of hypocausts, urns and pottery, bones and glass vessels, have been brought to light, some of them only to be cast aside or wantonly destroyed. One huge piece of masonry, a gigantic fragment of the city wall, had indeed always stood out as the sign that other buildings were there to be looked for; and excavations, begun from this point in 1859, soon revealed a large square, which is supposed to have contained the public baths of the city. The piers of the hypocaust showed the usual arrangements for heating, and the minuteness of the stones employed in the paving was evidence that, here as elsewhere, the Roman builders spared no pains upon their work. In the various chambers were found skeletons of persons of almost all ages, and near them not unfrequently lay coins, with which they were seemingly trying to make their escape.

On the whole, the ruins of Uriconium are interesting chiefly as illustrating the social life and the state of art in a remote provincial town of the Roman Empire. We have here nothing magnificent, and little that is costly. The personal ornaments found are of inferior material, and the vessels for home use are of a very simple kind. The real glory of the place is the masonry, in which the mortar has become harder almost than the stones embedded in it. The houses were covered partly with tiles, and partly with heavy sandstone flags arranged lozenge-wise with excellent effect. The pavements of Uriconium were probably larger than any which have been found in other parts of Britain. They exhibit no forms of animals, but, as is usual, they are made up of small tesserae (which Mr. Anderson, to adopt his own phrase, always "alludes to" as tesserae) scarcely an inch square, put together with infinite labour. These squares are of different colours, the green ones being obtained from stone found at the foot of the Wrekin, and the rest probably imported.

The fragments of shafts, bases, and capitals recovered from the ruins show that some of the buildings of this city were not insignificant. Some of the capitals are perfectly plain, and one of this kind has been scooped out and used for ages past as the font in the church of Wroxeter; others are foliated, some being fair specimens of the incipient Byzantine Romanesque. The mural paintings, as compared with some found on the walls of Roman houses in London, are poor, the patterns being chiefly stripes, with lozenges, or other geometrical figures. Some vessels of Samian ware, made probably on the spot, are graceful both in shape and ornamentation; and of the lamps and other utensils found there is not one which is not thoroughly adapted to its purpose. The glass jugs and vases call for no special notice, but the fact is more interesting that Uriconium had at least some glazed windows. The assertion of Bede, that the use of glass windows was first introduced into England by Abbot Benedict, must be taken simply as evidence that no Roman glazed windows were known to be preserved in the seventh century.

Of iron instruments, keys, hatchets, knives, builders' tools, and weapons many specimens have been found, and are figured in Mr. Anderson's pages, together with some tasteful examples of bronze fibulae, enamelled brooches, and intaglios. The coins, chiefly in small brass, are all Roman, no Anglo-Saxon money having been found. Those of Carausius seem to be among the commonest. When we add that in the cemetery of Uriconium, lying on the southern side of Watling Street, without the city, many inscriptions have been found which, with but one or two exceptions, mention simply the military rank and services of the dead, that some of these were placed over the tombs of Thracian and other non-Roman soldiers, and that nothing has been met with indicating any Christian influence in the place, we have said all or nearly all that is to be said of this long buried and forgotten city, if Mr. Anderson's account is to be regarded as exhaustive. The bearing of the Thracian soldier's epitaph on the question of race-elements in the modern English people must be left to eth-

nologists; but Mr. Anderson draws a very questionable inference when he asserts that, because some Latin words are carved on the grave of a non-Roman soldier, therefore he and all other non-Roman soldiers spoke Latin.

This is, however, a very small offence in comparison with other faults which run through the book. By keeping to the point, and telling his tale simply, Mr. Anderson might have produced a volume of real interest, if it seemed to him necessary to write one at all. But he cannot keep to a point, and he cannot, or will not, write grammatically. The habit of "alluding to" things which are specified as distinctly as they would be in an Excise list is growing so common that we must not perhaps condemn a writer who sometimes "alludes to" men when he ought to mention them; but with Mr. Anderson this unlucky term does service for everything from a passing notice to a detailed description. He is even good enough to tell us of certain coins to which he means to allude again presently (p. 103). The plain English word "kind" he eschews utterly, and we read therefore that "besides earthenware vessels, other descriptions of pottery have been found on the site of Uriconium," and that "recent excavations have brought to light large quantities of a commoner description of pottery" (60, 61). We cease, therefore, to be astonished when we are told that a large lump of iron, which seems to have been subjected to an intense heat, "lays thrown down, between two fragments of sculptured sandstone, as when found"; and we content ourselves with saying that Mr. Anderson's style is simply detectable when we come across such a sentence as this:—

Persevering through many months—in short, spite of various interruptions, until the last month of the year, 1862—at length two out of the four acres, kindly placed at the disposal of the Excavation Committee by the Duke of Cleveland owner of the site, having been explored under the direction of Mr. Thomas Wright, the well-known antiquary, upon these two acres were found buildings, the situation of which is indicated by the letter M in Plate I.

It is something to know that the two acres were not to be daunted in their efforts, and that they had their reward.

The truth is, Mr. Anderson is suffering from the disease of bookmaking, and anything that will enable him to fill up a page is thankfully welcomed. Uriconium had a cemetery outside the town, and this not only gives an opportunity for a remark that this "sanatory (*sic*) precaution has been fearfully neglected in mediæval and modern times," and that the British wayfarer, seeing these tombs by the roadside, "was often reminded of his own mortality," but furnishes an excuse for a disquisition on the methods of burial generally, from the death of Abel downwards. The burning of the body of Patroclus in the Iliad may "prove that burning the dead was a very ancient custom," but we do not see the need of dragging in the remark, or that any one disputes the proposition. The existence of the word *tomb* would surely carry the evidence for the practice to an earlier time than even that of an Homeric poem. But, again, the cemetery of Uriconium has yielded no distinctively Christian inscriptions; and Mr. Anderson accordingly takes occasion to run over the evidence for the introduction of Christianity into Britain during the Apostolic age—his conclusion being, apparently, that St. Paul visited this island. We are told, of course, that the superstition of which Pomponia Graecina was accused is supposed to be Christianity, and that her husband Aulus Plautius distinguished himself in Britain. This is taken as proof that at least there were some Christians in this country during the first century of the Christian era. It is unfortunate that Tacitus nowhere says or implies that Pomponia ever was in Britain, and that the fact of her setting foot here is most improbable. With commendable boldness, Mr. Anderson brings forward Martial, not only as a witness for the early spread of Christianity, but as genuinely appreciating it. The Claudia and Pudens whose marriage is mentioned in the Epigrams are the Claudia and Pudens of the Second Epistle to Timothy, and the Christianity of Pudens is proved by the epithet which the poet applies to him. In the second of the two epigrams quoted "Pudens is called Holy, *Sanctus Maribus*; a strong presumption that he was one of those who were esteemed such, or, in other words, that Pudens was a Christian" (p. 136). This is really amusing; and we should not be surprised to hear that the "sanctissima conjux" of Virgil is so spoken of as being at the least imbued with the principles of the Jewish religion. But, not contented with this, Mr. Anderson gravely assures us that the British ecclesiastics of the time of Gregory and Augustine "acknowledged as their spiritual overseer the Bishop of Caerleon-on-Usk," and he asks, "Can anything show more distinctly that this does the antiquity and independence of the British Church?" Perhaps not; but who dreams of disputing it? and how can the organization of the British Church in the fifth or sixth century be evidence that Pomponia came with her husband to Britain, or that some of those who were laid in the cemetery of Uriconium may have been "humble disciples of Jesus"? It may have been so, and we may hope that it was; but irrelevant evidence can never make our hope more reasonable.

Mr. Anderson ends his book with some very serious reflections, and draws a picture of Uriconium as it may have appeared when its terraced villas overhung the Severn, when Roman veterans guarded the city gates, and "sacrificial processions wended their way to the neighbouring fane, where Jupiter, chieftain of Rome's false gods, sat glistening in profane splendour on a gilded throne." The picture applies, of course, to every other Roman city; but the point here is that, "amid all the evidences of civilization at Uriconium, we find no recognition of God," and that this

godless civilization was suddenly and summarily cut short. Mr. Anderson modestly adds, "The causes of the decline and fall of Rome have been traced by an able hand than mine, and it has been shown how luxury and licentiousness combined to lay, in the full meridian of empire, the mightiest city the world e'er knew at the feet of Alaric and the Vandals." Whether this be a fair description of Gibbon's work or not, at all events the great historian kept to his subject; and archaeological guide-books would be none the worse, and possibly all the better, as being shorter, if their compilers would keep to theirs.

LONGFELLOW'S DANTE.*

THIS translation is sufficiently exact to furnish a good test of what is not in Dante for those who might be misled by the license of rhymed versions or the blunders of more or less learned commentators; but it may need time and trouble to get a true feeling of what is in him from its dry, or perhaps captious, and certainly very unidiomatic, diction. On the other hand, the poem has hardly ever been better edited, at least for ordinary American and British readers, than in its present shape; and even habitual students may find much new and welcome information about it in Mr. Longfellow's notes and illustrations. We have spoken of editing rather than commenting, because Mr. Longfellow is somewhat chary of pronouncing decided opinions of his own, and of sifting the pros and cons of an hypothesis to the very bottom; he is content to make us acquainted with the most respectable tenets, and to leave our choice between them to more mature experience. It may be thought that any editor of Dante has enough, and only too much, matter thrust upon his hands by the well-known Italian commentators; but Mr. Longfellow has found occasion to enter into other topics for the service of his own generation than were ever treated by these loquacious disputants. He has copious notes to introduce us to the physiognomy of the Italian territories, and to instruct us on all requisite or appropriate details from the complicated annals of the free cities. He has also liberally supplied us with parallel passages of literature in which either imitation or "a touch of nature" has introduced a resemblance to Dante. He has diligently compared the poet with his contemporaries and immediate forerunners by the aid of Mr. Rossetti's fine translations; and he has put before his readers in full, and in English prose versions, the grand classical visions which exercised so much influence on the Divine Comedy—we mean those in the sixth Aeneid and the eleventh Odyssey. In another appendix we have a very fine selection of English critiques (besides one translated from Schelling) on the character and genius of Dante. Some of these are no doubt open to censure, and Mr. Longfellow himself might not be disposed to vindicate them; but they are all broad, bold, and trenchant utterances, worthy of attention from the abilities and the earnestness of the writer. We find here the monuments of Mr. Carlyle's hero-worship, and of Macaulay's keen, cool scrutiny; Leigh Hunt's cavils, which seem aimed at the Christianity of Dante through his poetry; Mr. Ruskin's graphic account of the great writer's graphic power, and his notions of landscape; and an eloquent anonymous passage from the *Foreign Quarterly* on the fallacious subject of his patriotism. We may digest much or little of these excerpts; but what Dantophilist would wish not to have read them, or will scorn the volume that places them together within his reach?

The appendix in which we find the classical descriptions of Hades and Avernus contains also the Vision of Friar Alberic and other mediæval performances, of which the subject is Dantesque, but in which curiosity can hardly find any traces of a Dantesque method. They are, in fact, singularly devoid of those notions of proportion, distinction, and numeration which have become vital principles in the construction of the Comedy. The doctrine of many and few stripes is replaced in them by a Dracomic severity; and it will be readily apprehended that the abodes of bliss are very weakly described as compared with Hell and Purgatory. On all such points it was the doctrine of Virgil, rather than the one in vogue among Catholics, which claimed the homage of the poet's intellect. On the other hand, we may ourselves remark that the ten circles of Dante's Hell had been in some degree anticipated by the "ten infernal pains" of a Provençal poem written in 1288, the *Brevior d'Amor de Matre Ermengard de Beziers* (we know it only by the extracts in Raynoud's *Choix des Poésies*). This account is composed in a dry style, and, as we suspect, may be only an epitome of something previously written. We will, therefore, briefly state, first the ten punishments, and then the classes of sinners to whom they are appropriated; for such is the arrangement that has pleased our author. Punishments:—1, fires of hell; 2, deadly cold, which produces the "gnashing of teeth"; 3, great stenches from burning sulphur; 4, moths, or *tineae*, and worms that sting (*arnas e verma pungentes*); 5, vapulations from devils with rods of burning fire; 6, darkness and exclusion from God's kingdom; 7, inscriptions wherein sins and good works are recorded; 8, the sight of devils gratified by their neighbours' misery; 9, burning chains; 10, insatiable thirst and hunger. Sinners:—1, the covetous, *qu'au trop over desirat*; 2, the malicious; 3, the luxurious, i.e. lecherous; 4, the envious and malevolent; 5, those who have not been chastised by labour and travail (*per treball castiat*) in this world;

6, the unbelievers; 7, the recusants of penances prescribed by the Church; 8, those who have enjoyed, coveted, or procured the injury of others; 9, the self-indulgent in habiliments, costly furniture, and venery; 10, the gluttonous, especially those who neglected the poor. The classes generally are not defined with the precision of the Nicomachean Ethics, to which Dante makes such frequent references; but there is otherwise some material resemblance between the two systems. Only one of the seers cited by Mr. Longfellow has singled out Judas for a peculiar though alleviated penalty; to make Brutus and Cassius his nearest neighbours was of course reserved for the poet who "sang the 'rights of monarchy!'" We may add that Dante's vision is the only one that divides the blessed into orders, as eminent in charity, faith, hope, or one of the moral virtues, or else according to certain foibles, as want of perseverance, or the love of fame or beauty where it has been the principal incentive to good works. Only he acknowledges that his local distinctions were apparent, and merely designed to give the spectator a notion of different degrees of happiness.

But we are considering the notes before us in reference to the Italian text, and not in reference to the new translation, from which point of view they will appear somewhat less complete and satisfactory. We mean that they leave unexplained several English lines that will be found very obscure, whether from being conformed too closely to the Italian idiom, or being grounded on a reading or interpretation which may be defensible, but looks by no means simple. We take the following examples from the third canto of the Purgatory:—

My mind that hitherto had been restrained
Let loose its faculties, as if delighted.

Here the last word is for the Italian *vaga*, which may more readily be understood, as in Mr. Dayman's pithy and precise rendering:—

My mind her former thralldom quick replaced
With scope more liberal, as *inquisitive*.

In the following triplet—

The sun, that in our rear was flaming red,
Was broken in front of me into the figure
Which had in me the stoppage of its rays—

we can trace an imitation of a mode of reading and punctuating the Italian which we cannot think correct; but we have only to add that what was dark enough before is now made much darker. A little further on we have—

Marvel not at it more than at the heavens,
Because one ray impediteth not another.

Here is a statement that seems contrary to fact, and somewhat incoherently expressed; whereas the Italian

più che de' cieli,
Chè l' uno all' altro raggio non ingombra,

may be construed, "more than at the heavens, because one [heaven] does not impede a ray from [reaching] another." Thus we read in the German version by "Philaletus":—

Darf's mehr dich wundern nicht, als dass ein Himmel
Dem andern nicht der Strahlen Durchgang hemmet.

We might doubtless encounter opposition if we maintained that these passages were mistranslated; but a really exact translator (like Mr. W. Rossetti, if he had entered into this part of the poem) would not have scorned to add a note if he had produced such puzzling phrases. Here are other lines (Canto IV.) in which it is difficult to ascertain the nominative and accusative:—

A greater opening oftentimes hedges up
With but a little forkful of his thorns,
The villager;

though we believe they are meant to convey the same interpretation as Mr. Dayman's

A wider gap the villain hind doth close
Full many a time by thorns a fork may shift
At one removing.

But Mr. Longfellow is so well known as a poet that it may be thought unfair to treat him as a philologer, and to notice his occasional perplexities where we should hasten to a passage that can be felt to have been translated with force and delicacy. We are sorry for it, but we can scarcely find any such faults in his work, nor do we think he has attempted to achieve any. His motto is Spenser's:—

I follow here the footing of thy feate,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

And he certainly seems everywhere to be poring over the trail rather than to have the deer in full view before him. He never seems to have first translated the words into his own thought and feeling, and then re-expressed them freely and impulsively. He has rather pursued, to all appearance, a curious etymological study of how far Dante could have talked in English very like an Italian, if he had not cared that we should realize his objective meaning very precisely, or his frame of mind and temper in any degree whatever. Thus he might then have put "little girl" for the famous word "pargoletta," which is perhaps derivable from the Latin "parvula." This is not exactly a phrase to awake amorous reminiscences; we could hardly have admitted it in the old couplet—

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Wishes end at lovers' meeting—

* The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London and New York. Routledge & Sons. 1867.

[July 6, 1867.]

but we have to make what we can of "little girl" in Beatrice's pungent lecture :—

Non ti dovea gravar le penne in giuso
Ad aspettar più colpi, o pargoletta,
Od altra vanità di si breve uso.
Thou oughtest not to stooped thy pinions downward
To wait for further blows, or little girl
Or other vanity of such brief use.

Moreover, considering how the translator has neglected Dante's rhythm, it is quite singular what an affection he bears to the form and phonetic elements of single Italian words, so that *scuro* is for him always *obscure*, not *dark*; *canto* a *chaunt*, not a *song*; and thus is "superba" treated in the almost incredible verse—

As to the son the mother seems superb.—*Purg. c. 30, v. 79.*

It is as if he had retired from a musical entertainment without one melody in his head, but only a lively sense of the tone of some sweet or newly-invented instrument. Mr. Longfellow's verse is only so far verse as an air can be recognised, though the time may be missed incessantly; it is our epic rhythm adapted to the meanest capacities by a quite indiscriminate intermixture of lines of ten and eleven syllables (to count them exclusively of the unlucky penults of "fortunate, infinite, beautiful," and such like words). He has perhaps expected his paroxytone endings to give something like an Italian cadence; but they include so many long vowels or groups of consonants that we can only find their like in German versification. So in *Purg. c. II.* we have—

My own Casella! to return once more
There where I am, I make this journey," said I;
"But how from thee has so much time been taken?"
And he to me: "No outrage has been done me." . . .
So that the white and the vermilion cheeks
Of beautiful Aurora, where I was,
By too great age were changing into orange;

which might seem to have been modelled directly on Philalethes's

"O, mein Casella,—dorthin heimzukehren,
Wo ich noch bin, jetzt mach' ich diese Reise."
Sprach ich—"doch du, was raut so viele Zeit dir?" . . .

except that these are unmangled hendecasyllabics. Taking it all in all, we must needs judge that this version will be a very useful one to read with the original (though we do not see why a better and pleasanter one should not have been produced in prose), but will hardly be read alone without effort and vexation. But contemporary translators abhor the name of prose, while their fear of legitimate restraints, and their sensitiveness to the cavils of critical word-catchers, continually drive some of them towards the thing by a declension as dismal as that which Burns somewhere depicts:—

Alack! my roupit Muse is hoarse!
Your honour's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce
To see her sittin'
Low i' the dust,
And scrickin' out prosaic verse
An' like to brust.

THE COTTON MSS.—VITELLIUS B. XIII.*

TWO years have passed since we took occasion to draw attention to the state of the British Museum Catalogues of Manuscripts. We selected a single volume of the Cottonian Library as a specimen, and in describing the contents of Vitellius B. XII. we commented on the errors which had been fallen into by the compiler, partly from ignorance, partly from carelessness. We also pointed out how some of these errors had led to important mistakes made by historians who had placed too implicit reliance on the correctness of the compiler, and had not examined for themselves the evidence on which his assertions rest. We were not without hopes that the long array of important charges made against the descriptions of this particular volume might elicit some suggestions as to the propriety of issuing a new catalogue of this magnificent Collection of Manuscripts. There are many portions of this library in which the volumes are far richer in details of history than the corresponding volumes of what was formerly the State Paper Office. That is to say, if Sir Robert Cotton was a thief, he stole with great judgment. And it is certain that many papers will escape the notice of the gentlemen engaged in drawing up the Foreign and Domestic Calendars of State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII., owing first to their having been bound up in their wrong place, and secondly, to their erroneous description. The former source of error is now irretrievable. No one would wish the Cottonian volumes again to be taken to pieces and bound up in an order which should better represent both subject-matter and chronology; but a new catalogue is not so much a comfort or a luxury as a necessity. We do not pretend that all the volumes of the library are equally badly described. We will, however, take the volume next in the series to that which we reviewed two years ago, in the hope that our recurrence to the subject may yet have the desired effect of inducing the authorities of the British Museum to set about revising and rewriting the Cotton Catalogue.

The volume Vitellius B. XIII. is catalogued just like any other volume in the series as "codex chartaceus in folio, constans foliis

238." The accuracy of this heading is indisputable, but as no further notice of the contents as a whole occurs, the reader is naturally led to suppose that it consists of 97 articles, which, from a glance at the contents, he takes for granted are either holographs or other original documents, or draughts, or copies, of letters addressed from Italy to this country during the years 1529-1532. He would perhaps expect that, like most of the other volumes which refer to this period, the papers will be found to be arranged in something like chronological order, preparing himself, however, for the possibility of finding a few notable exceptions to this rule. But the editor of the catalogue has taken no notice of the very important note on the first page of folio 6, which would have given him a clue to the interpretation of the first half of the volume. "This book beginneth in January, 1530, according to the computation of the Church, beginning the year the first of January, and continueth until the last of November." Now, if the reader will turn to articles 59 and 60 in the catalogue, he will find that these consist of some letters from Venice, dated November 30, addressed by Joh. Harwell, whose name, however, has a note of interrogation placed after it, to indicate that this is a conjecture of the editor's. The conjecture is a mistake, but that is not to the present point. And it would not require any great amount of sagacity to infer that the first 60 articles, reaching to the end of fol. 134, once formed a book distinct from the last 37, which plainly enough consist of a very miscellaneous collection of letters. The guess would in the main be right, and the inquirer, having got thus far, would very easily supplement his conjecture as he proceeded to examine each separate document; and he would soon probably come to the conclusion that, with the exception of two or three leaves that did not belong to the volume, he had fallen upon a book which contained copies of a series of letters written by a single individual to various persons residing in England during the year 1530. Nearly the whole of the volume is in the same handwriting. And perhaps it would not have been very difficult to guess, even from the blundering entries in the Cotton Catalogue, that the writer's name was Dr. Richard Croke. In truth, the volume is the identical book that Croke kept for the insertion of the copies of the letters sent by him to the King, Gardiner, Fox, Tuke, and others, during the period of his mission to the North of Italy for the purpose of collecting opinions in favour of the King's divorce from Catharine of Aragon.

This being so, it will at once be seen that this volume is one of the most important of the whole series of MSS. in the Cottonian Collection. Hardly anything is known of the details of Croke's proceedings. Till the publication of the seventh volume of the State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign in 1845, there had been only two of his letters printed. Burnet had inserted one in his Collections, and had by a plausible, though mistaken, interpretation of some expressions in this letter, convinced himself, and probably most of his readers, that the sentences of foreign universities and the opinions of divines and canonists had been obtained by fair means, and without even an attempt at bribery. And if the letter which Strype had disinterred from Fox's MSS., and which has since been reprinted by Ellis, did not admit of being so easily disposed of, yet upon the whole the evidence for the wholesale bribery that was practised was not very conclusive, when there appeared one other letter of Croke's printed from the original in the State Paper Office, in Mr. Lemon's State Papers. It would be ridiculous to suppose that Mr. Lemon had any special view in selecting this one letter from the eight which he says were in the State Paper Office, written by Croke to the King. But it so happens that he could not possibly have selected one from the number more likely to strengthen the view propounded by Burnet, that there was no trickery used in procuring the opinions of Italian divines. He has omitted the others on the score of their contents having been represented sufficiently in an abridged form in a letter of Stokesley's which he has printed. This editor had seen the volume we are now reviewing, and explains a passage in the letter of Croke's which he had printed by reference to it. Croke, from fear of his letters being intercepted, says that he registered the copies of his letters in a book, which Mr. Lemon says is most probably Vitellius B. XIII. Mr. Lemon does not appear to have paid much attention to the Cottonian volume, which is beyond all question the book which Croke kept by him to show the King upon his return, and to vindicate his good faith if any suspicion should attach to him owing to the suppression or loss of any of his letters.

It is not, however, our wish to draw attention to the value of this volume, which contains copies of some of the papers in the Record Office, and in which have been inserted a great number of letters, either wholly or partially copied, minutely detailing all Croke's proceedings in Northern Italy. Our purpose is to show how utterly inefficient for all practical purposes the entries of the articles of the volume in the Cottonian Catalogue are. It is possible that editor might not have had access to the State Paper Office. It is certain that, whether he was admitted to it or not, he made no use of the papers contained there, or he could not have fallen into the ridiculous blunders that he has made in cataloguing the contents of this volume. If, however, he had consulted such common books as Burnet and Strype, he would have discovered that Dr. John Stokesley, Bishop elect of London, was one of the principal persons employed, in conjunction with Croke, in procuring opinions in favour of the King's cause. Now it unfortunately happens that the name was spelt in Latin *Stokesius*, and that Croke had a trick of making his x's something in shape between a p and an r. And this accounts for, though we think

* A Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library deposited in the British Museum. Printed by Command of His Majesty King George III., &c. &c. &c. 1802.

July 6, 1867.]

The Saturday Review.

29

it scarcely justifies the appearance of this name in the volume in question under the following designations of *Dr. Io Stockley*, *Stocklius*, *Sterlius*, and *Stopius*, whilst in one instance (Article 32) the editor has been induced to enter a letter from Croke to the Bishop of London, in which it would have seemed impossible to doubt either of the writer of the letter or the person addressed, with a query after Croke's name, and a modest suggestion, after that of the Bishop of London, whether *Stockesley* can be the Bishop referred to.

There is perhaps no account of a volume in the Cotton Collection that is so full of notes of interrogation and guesses as to the probabilities of the writers' names. Again we can explain this by merely stating the fact that the letters are hurried copies to which Croke did not care to append his name; but we are unable to account for the stupidity of an editor who could not see that nearly all are in the same handwriting, and that, with very few exceptions, the subject-matter is almost decisive as to the person who wrote, as well as his correspondent. We should hardly exaggerate if we asserted that for the first half of the volume there would be several corrections to be made in the description of every article. Let us take the first two articles.

1. The first is entered as "An account of expenses, &c. The name of *Petrus de Ghinucci* is subscribed to this list." This is followed by

2. "A set of eight letters . . . an account of the difficulties the writer had on his journey, especially from Savona to Tarentum. Some account of the Court of Rome, where the Emperor then was, and of certain theological books he met with in different libraries at Venice, Padua, &c."

Now the proper mode of describing these two articles would have been the following:—

1. Croke's account of his journey and the expenses attendant on it, from October 1529 to about the middle of May 1530, with the attestation of Peter de Ghinucci, nephew of Jerome de Ghinucci, Bishop of Worcester, to their correctness up to the date of April 7.

2. A set of eight letters, copies in Croke's hand of letters sent by him to the King, to Stokesley elect of London, to Foxe and John de Casale, written in January 1530 from Bologna. Before the last two letters there has been inserted by mistake the King's letter of credence in favour of Wiltshire and Stokesley, addressed to the Bishop of Worcester and Sir Gregory de Casale.

Our readers will see how unprofitable it would be to proceed through the remaining ninety-five articles of this volume at this rate. Suffice it to say that there are more than fifty places where the editor was obliged to leave a blank or place a note of interrogation, being uncertain how to make his entry, and that there is sufficient evidence to pronounce with certainty upon nearly every one of these cases; that in some other cases where the difficulty appeared somewhat less we are told what the document is, with the addition of a "perhaps" or a "probably"; and the reader will then be able to form some estimate of the probable number of mistakes the editor has made in entries which he has described without professing to doubt about them. We just notice the absurdity of speaking of the Emperor as being at Rome at the beginning of 1530; as even in 1802, when this catalogue was published, there could have been little difficulty in ascertaining that Charles remained at Bologna, where he received the Imperial diadem from the Pope on the festival of St. Matthias, from October 6, 1529, to March 22, 1530.

As regards the concluding leaves of this volume, which have been unfortunately bound up with Croke's diary and letters, we will only observe that the catalogue is not so full of mistakes, as fewer things were left for the compiler to exercise his judgment upon, the papers being for the most part not so mutilated, in the names of the writers and the dates of the letters having been in most cases preserved entire. That it is not altogether free from mistakes may be judged by the two following notices. In Article 69 we are told, with reference to "the old man," in the correspondence between Henry and his agents at Rome, that this was the designation of the Cardinal of Ravenna. Now here was an interpretation which the editor of a catalogue was not absolutely bound to give, but certainly, if given, the information ought to have been correct. Yet it is well known that the "old man" was the name for the Cardinal of Ancona, who was uncle to the Cardinal of Ravenna, who was accordingly, in contradistinction to his uncle, usually styled "the young man." Again, Article 63 professes to be a letter from Steph. Sirmien to Paul Casalis, Senator of Rome, declaring the King of Hungary's wish to conclude peace. Now, if the editor had taken the trouble to give a second thought to such a signature as Steph. Sirmien, he might perhaps have conjectured that this meant Stephen Bishop of Sirmisch, and in that case he would have been spared the trouble of putting a note of interrogation after the name of the King of Hungary, as there can be no doubt, when the writer of the letter is known, that this must be the sovereign mentioned in his letter. Upon referring to the document itself, moreover, it will be found that the Bishop actually signs his name Stephanus Brod. Sirmien.; and as if to show up his own carelessness in the strongest light possible, the editor has catalogued the Bishop of Sirmisch in the Index under his real surname of Brodarith.

And now let us again impress upon the authorities of the British Museum the paramount importance of having a new catalogue of the Cotton MS. drawn up as speedily as possible.

LAMONT'S PACIFIC ISLANDERS.*

IT is not an unfrequent complaint of divines that everybody—man, woman, or child—feels himself competent to pronounce an opinion on any theological question that turns up at a moment's notice, with or without previous study of the subject, and claims the right to do so. We have often thought that a very similar belief prevails among our countrymen as to their capability of writing books of travel. One qualification, no doubt, is ordinarily held to be requisite—that you should have travelled somewhere. But it is absolutely the only one. Everybody who has crossed the British Channel thinks himself able, and a very large proportion seem to think themselves bound, to favour the world with the result. Yet there are a good many people, one would suppose, if we were only to judge from the specimens often to be met with abroad, who have in one sense "seen the manners and cities of many men" without being in any other respect particularly like Ulysses. Plato has somewhere distinguished mankind into those who have eyes to see what comes before them, and those who have not; implying that it is one thing to have had ocular experience of certain phenomena, and another to be able to observe accurately and describe intelligently what you have seen. But we have quite outgrown such fine distinctions nowadays. The fact is that, in an age when everybody travels and everybody reads, bookmaking, as distinct from authorship, has become a kind of art, and the general *cacoethes scribendi* is limited, not at all by a man's having something to say, but only by his being able to say something. And whoever has travelled, if only to Paris, or indeed to Havre, if he can string together consecutive sentences and chooses to keep a notebook, may manage, with the aid of printer and binder, to get up a presentable volume, recording perhaps his "life in a French château," with detailed report of every day's bill of fare, interspersed with appropriate comments on French *cuisinerie* and stale reminiscences of the last London season. Under these circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that, of the cartloads of "Travels" that are annually disgorged from the press, the books really worth reading, or likely to be remembered for a week after they are laid down, may easily be counted on the fingers of one hand. The exceptional reputation of such works as *Eothen*, or *Sinai and Palestine*, or, in a different way, *Palgrave's Arabia*, is partly due to the force of contrast, and serves to illustrate the general nakedness of the land. Nor is it the least evil of this mischievous heresy about the natural connexion of penmanship with portmanteaus, that even writers who, like Mr. Dicey, can often describe extremely well what is really worth describing, sometimes allow themselves to be drawn into the current, of which we have a notable instance in the wearisome common-places of his Russian tour. These remarks have been suggested to us by Mr. Lamont's book about the Pacific Islanders, which is by no means an unfavourable specimen of its class. It is rather above than below the average. Yet it is difficult to see any reason why it should have been written. Mr. Lamont has no great descriptive power, the savages he describes are not a very interesting race, and they have been visited and described before; nor are such comments as he makes either novel or otherwise striking. We can quite believe that, with the help of its showy binding, quaint illustrations, and a type very pleasant to the eye, his *Wild Life* may enjoy the run of the circulating libraries for the season; more than that he probably would not anticipate himself. If we cannot discern any special merit in the book, neither have we any desire to find fault with it. The narrative usually flows on smoothly enough, and the style is not disfigured, so far as we have observed, by the clumsy solecisms or the stilted exhibitions of high polite which are besetting sins of bookmakers.

Mr. Lamont appears to have been, as a rule, well received and entertained by his swarthy hosts, whom he describes as "gentle and timid, though not without cunning," and had the *entrée* of all their royal households. The following is an account of his first introduction to such exalted society, when the King of the island came to visit him on board ship:—

His Majesty's robes consisted of a small scarlet blanket fastened with a wooden skewer across his neck, and a tappa girt round his loins. Most of his suite wore the tappa, while some were content with the fig-leaf. But for the scarlet vestment, it would have been difficult to distinguish this royal personage from the *canaille* that followed him. He occasionally, it is true, affected an air of dignity, which he was unable to maintain when he observed anything that excited his wonder or curiosity. He was invited, with two or three of his principal chiefs, into the cabin, from which the others were excluded. A watch was placed at the same time at different points of the ship, to see that nothing was pilfered by any of his suite. Some brandy which was handed to the King he drank with much satisfaction. His people made wry faces at it, which, nevertheless, did not prevent their asking a repetition of the dose. He willingly acceded to our request that he should remain on board all night—a necessary precaution, I was informed, against treachery—but begged us to send a boat ashore for his Queen, demand which was at once complied with.

Her Majesty's costume was at least as remarkable as her husbands, and her manners more so:—

Her hair, raised entirely up round her head, was folded towards one side into a kind of pinnacle, which was swathed in a roll of very fine tappa like muslin. Her ears were perforated, and ornamented with curiously-cut bones or ivory, and around her neck were some strings of scented nuts and wreaths of flowers. The arm was tattooed elaborately, from the finger ends to near the shoulder, with a deep blue tinge which was not unbecoming. Her feet

* *Wild Life among the Pacific Islanders.* By E. H. Lamont, Esq. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

and ankles seemed to be covered with beautifully-worked blue stockings; and as I stooped to admire them, Her Majesty, flattered by the attention, rather shocked my modesty by suddenly, amid the uproarious mirth of all her court, lifting the drapery to such a height that I observed the same delicate tracery, which was evidently due to the art of the tattooer, extending above the knee. A few lines were traced vertically on the lips, and an ornamented scroll decorated the ears.

Sometimes indeed the attentions, both of the Queens and their maids of honour, became so pointed as to be very embarrassing, and on one occasion the King of Eka-Hoa offered his guest, as an act of brotherly politeness to "the king of the ship," the loan of his wife during his visit. The only way of evading the offer was by intimating, to Her Majesty's deep chagrin, that she was too old for his taste. The natives, both men and women, are handsome, if only they would not spoil what nature has done for them by the hideous practice of tattooing their bodies, in which even the face is not spared as among most of the South Sea islanders. This, moreover, gives them an appearance of fierceness that quite belies their real character. The women are usually content with marking their fingers and lips. Mr. Lamont had opportunities enough of observing the manners and customs of the natives, for during the greater part of the time he spent among them he was retained as a prisoner in a kind of *libera custodia*, his ship having been wrecked, so that he had no means of effecting a departure without their co-operation. He did at last contrive to hail an American ship that was passing, and by a judicious combination of trickery and force got himself rowed out to it in a canoe, and of course, once there, declined to return. The people, however, were kind and hospitable, and their objection to letting him leave them seems to have sprung from the satisfaction they felt in his company, and a superstitious belief in his healing powers. Indeed, this affection was so warm as to be often not a little inconvenient, for a system of adopted relationships prevails among them by virtue of which he had several "fathers," "mothers," and "aunts," in different places; and—what sounds still more discordant with European tastes—he was obliged to contract no less than three marriages with as many of his fair hostesses during his stay. Whether much more was implied in this than a wedding breakfast and an amount of kissing, or rather being kissed, often more flattering than agreeable, does not clearly appear. He had, at all events, no scruple about leaving his brides at the first available opportunity. The etiquette of kissing, we should have said, is regulated by a minute code of mutual permissions and obligations in these relationships:—

A mother can kiss her son, but he must not embrace his mother; a sister and brother, on meeting after a long absence, cannot fondly rush into each other's arms, but must sit down facing each other, and nod their heads, one to one side the other to the opposite; and the adopted child may not touch the food the parents have to eat, as in that case they dare not use it.

But if your duties towards live relatives are not always the most pleasant, a still severer trial of family affection is exacted when they are dead. On one occasion our traveller was greeted, on coming to pay a visit to one of his domestic circles, by a most offensive odour, which became almost intolerable as he entered the hut where his "father," Monitu, was seated, in doing which he also knocked his head against what turned out to be a long bundle of matting bound up with sinnet. A horrible idea crossed his mind, "the thing looked so like a mummy." And Monitu, on being appealed to, confirmed his suspicion. "It was, indeed, my old invalid aunt tied up in the bundle, and suspended from the roof—literally hung up to dry." As the custom he thus made acquaintance with for the first time is part of the regular ceremonial observed in such cases, we may as well quote the description of what strikes us as the most characteristic of the peculiar rites of these islanders:—

When the spirit has finally left the body, the relatives give themselves up to unrestrained grief, sometimes knocking their heads against a block of wood or stone, or throwing themselves violently on the earth. The husband or wife of the deceased, or the nearest relative, after the corpse has been laid out, lies down beside it, and both are covered up with a mat for several hours, whilst the friends and neighbours perform a *pehu*, cutting themselves as usual. The body is then anointed with coco-nut oil, and a priest, approaching with a piece of young palm branch, formed to represent the human body, draws it over the skin from the head to the feet, as if extracting something from the body. As he performs the operation, he shakes out the imaginary contents on the ground, telling it to go, "Ahana!" When the spirit has thus been all "gathered to its fathers," the priest repeats some words, when it betakes itself to the groves, where it may often be seen at night, particularly about the maras. Here it appears even in the daytime, and is considered dangerous, doing all kinds of mischief, even biting its victims if it can catch them.

The different articles commonly used by the deceased before death are then brought to the corpse, that it may have the same comforts in the world to come as in this. The "kia," or sleeping mat, is lifted by two women, who, with opposite corners in their right hands, hold the others aloft, while they repeat a little rhyme, telling the departed to go in peace with the good mat. They then perform a dance similar to the Shukai, concluding by very unceremoniously throwing the mat towards the corpse, repeating "Ahana!" ("Go!"), which is responded to by others of the crowd, using the same word as a kind of "Amen." An "epo," or drinking-cup, "tuē," or spoon, "matau," or fish-hook, and it may be one or two other articles, are thrown into the mat before the body is sewn up in it by means of a wooden skewer and sinnet. The body is then hung up in the house of the deceased, which, with the exception of one little aperture, is entirely closed up. Here the chief mourner shuts himself up with his deceased relative for three or four months, till corruption is far advanced, when the body is generally buried.

We have seen Mr. Lamont's book compared to *Robinson Crusoe*. But the similarity is rather like that which the young lady suggested between Torquay and Switzerland, the only difference

being, as her friend replied, that at Torquay there are no mountains and in Switzerland there is no sea. *Robinson Crusoe* is genuine fiction, whereas there is no reason for doubting the conscientious accuracy of Mr. Lamont's record of facts; and it is very difficult to put down *Robinson Crusoe* when you have once taken it up, while the main difficulty with the present volume, notwithstanding many curious passages, is to get to the end of it.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. MICHEL NICOLAS has added one more volume* to his interesting and erudite works on sacred literature and on Church history. The view which he takes of the Apostles' Creed may be new to many persons, but we think it will be found to deserve serious examination. It is currently assumed that the Creed was composed at once; that it is the production, if not of one person, certainly of one epoch; and that it has been handed down to us in its entirety, such as we have it now, from the apostolic age. M. Michel Nicolas takes a diametrically opposite view. He shows that the symbol of faith which Christians were originally expected to subscribe amounted to very little at first, but that, as heresies manifested themselves and sects sprang up, clause was added to clause, definition to definition, until the formula assumed the shape under which we are now familiar with it. M. Nicolas discusses in detail the origin of the creed, the transformations it has undergone from time to time, and the meaning of the various articles of which it consists. By way of appendix he has added a translation of the principal symbols of faith which have at various times obtained in the Church.

The character of Bossuet, his works and his influence, form a subject full of interest, because it is intimately connected with the history of the seventeenth century in France. The *grand siècle*, to all dispassionate observers, seems embodied in three men—Boileau, Louis XIV., and the author of the *Histoire des Variations*. No wonder that so eminent a man as Bossuet should have attracted the notice of M. Nourrisson †, whose present étude is only one of a series of essays composed with the view of describing the different features of a many-sided character. The political scheme of the Bishop of Meaux is one of the most important parts of his general system. If we wish to raise up a practical structure against the Utopias of Spinoza, Rousseau, and Plato, and the historical theories of Aristotle, Bodin, and Montesquieu, we cannot do better, says M. Nourrisson, than consult Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Bossuet. Not that these eminent thinkers always advocated feasible projects, but the ideas which they broached were founded upon the state of the society in which they lived, and represented, therefore, something tangible to which an appeal could be readily made. M. Nourrisson's work, consisting of a revised series of lectures read before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, is interesting, not only on account of the light it throws upon a striking feature of Bossuet's intellectual life, but also because, for the reason we have stated above, it gives us an accurate description of French political theories during the seventeenth century. Admirable as Bossuet's fabric is, harmonious in its proportions, and thoroughly logical in its plan, it fails essentially, and fails at its very foundation. The principle from which he starts is *fact, not right*. Like Hobbes, he sees nothing but self-interest as the ruling principle in every community of human beings; and in order the better to check this vice, he has recourse to a theocratic form of government. For him there is no such thing as liberty; the great majority of men would only make a bad use of so dangerous a gift; and it is far better that we should be unconsciously happy under the sway of a paternal government immediately appointed by God and responsible to Him alone. Of course this would be all very well if we could make sure of an absolutely perfect despot; but what a mockery to claim unqualified reverence on behalf of a man like Louis XIV.! Like many other writers, Bossuet was better than his system; and, to judge him fairly, we must not measure him by his political maxims.

If Bossuet generally keeps us within the limits of practical common sense, Hegel, on the contrary, takes us to the realms of imagination, and of imagination running riot.‡ Not many years ago the bare idea of studying his philosophy, and of grappling with the system of Absolute Identity, would have seemed to a Frenchman a proof of downright madness; now, however, nous avons changé tout cela, and M. Véra would say that in so far we have entered upon a stage of progress. This gentleman, who, after having occupied a distinguished rank amongst French metaphysicians, is now Professor of Philosophy at Naples, has undertaken to translate into French the complete works of Hegel, and he has just published the first volume of that portion which treats of the mind. The difficulty of giving an adequate version of so difficult an author as Hegel is well known by all students whose attention has been directed towards metaphysical researches, but M. Véra's notes and paraphrases render it still more obvious. He has added an introductory essay on the German philosopher's system.

* *Le Symbole des Apôtres, étude historique.* Par Michel Nicolas. Paris: Lévy.

† *La Politique de Bossuet.* Par Nourrisson. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Philosophie de l'Esprit de Hegel.* Traduite par M. Véra, Vol. I. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

July 6, 1867.]

The Saturday Review.

M. Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis** still go on, and the eighth volume now before us shows no sign of flagging. Amongst the books reviewed by him is the famous series of letters which M. Feuillet de Conches has printed under the name of the Queen Marie-Antoinette, and about which so many unpleasant things have lately been said. M. Sainte-Beuve shares the suspicions entertained by M. Goffroy and by Herr von Sybel, and he remarks very aptly that in the most cleverly written pasticcio there is always something unsatisfactory. On a certain historical point a provoking obscurity reigned; there was a problem which had never been solved, and the solution of which would have settled a long train of difficulties; and all of a sudden a so-called authentic document appears, no one knows where or how, giving a clue to every puzzle and dispelling every mystery. The document too is brought forward just at the most opportune time, not one minute too soon or too late. So fortunate a coincidence is, according to M. Sainte-Beuve, a clear proof that the document is a fabrication, and has no value whatever. Such is his conclusion respecting most of the letters published by M. Feuillet de Conches. Next to Marie-Antoinette, Madame Roland occupies a prominent place in the new volume of the *Nouveaux Lundis*. We have also an excellent series of articles on M. Taine's *History of English Literature*.

M. Desnoiresterres† is astonished that no one should have yet done for Voltaire what M. Walckenaer has accomplished for Madame de Sévigné—namely, given a complete biography of the hero and of his *entourage*, borrowed chiefly from his voluminous correspondence, but also from the joint testimony of his contemporaries. Materials abound—nay, they are so plentiful that it is impossible to wade through them all; although a mass of papers have either perished for ever, or, jealously kept in the recesses of some private library, are for us just as if they were not. Writing to his friend Formont on the 24th of July, 1734, Voltaire said—"Je n'irai pas plus loin, mon cher ami, car voilà la trentième lettre que j'écris aujourd'hui." And of these thirty letters, two only are known! If the proportion is the same for the other days of the year 1734, it is awful to think of what Voltaire's correspondence must have been, wonderful as it seems even now, in the fragmentary condition in which we have it. M. Gustave Desnoiresterres will, we trust, carry out his arduous enterprise to the end. His first volume treats of the philosopher's youth, taking us as far only as the year 1733. He has evidently taken the utmost pains to collect materials from every quarter, and has worked them up very successfully in that easy conversational style which renders modern French memoirs so enjoyable and so full of interest.

The French Revolution is still a favourite subject for the meditation of statesmen and philosophers. M. de Meaux writes from the Royalist point of view †, and therefore entertains serious doubts respecting the benefits which the Revolution is said to have produced; but his tone is temperate, and he writes in an impartial spirit. The work is divided into two books, the former of which, beginning with 1789, takes us to the foundation of the Empire, whilst the latter ends at the Hundred Days.

The events of the French Revolution have suggested to M. Adolphe Schmidt, Professor of History at the University of Jena, another work which deserves a short notice.‡ It consists mainly of documents copied in the Paris State-paper office, and introduced in every case by a kind of explanatory or connecting narrative. M. Schmidt has thus endeavoured to add something fresh to the mass of papers already published by M. Mortimer Ternaux in his *Histoire de la Terreur*; and has composed a supplement to the *Histoire parlementaire* of Messrs. Buchez and Roux. The volume we are noticing is the first of what will probably be a long series. It extends from 1790 to the downfall of the Girondists.

If caricatures, medals, coins, and engravings of every kind can in many cases serve to illustrate history, pottery may likewise be made to contribute its share to the same object. Twenty years ago a friend gave to M. Champfleury an old plate, on which was painted a cock standing perched on a cannon, with the motto "Je veille pour la nation." Many other pieces of china of the revolutionary period having subsequently fallen under his eye, he was struck by the singular variety of the devices which they represented, and it occurred to him that the different phases of popular opinion during the Revolution might in all probability be found commemorated on the various items of a dinner-service—plates, cups and saucers, &c. Such is the case, and M. Champfleury's diligent researches have produced a most interesting volume, full of curious illustrations. Here we have Necker immortalized on a milk-jug; there Mirabeau's coffin embellishes a dessert-plate; on a salad-bowl a priest swears to keep the Constitution, whilst the words "Cela ira!" and the cap of liberty remind others that the guillotine is permanently erected for the purpose of clearing the earth of aristocrats. M. Champfleury's comments on the various specimens he brings before us are uniformly apposite and suggestive. His book has also the merit of giving more than the title

promises, for it goes beyond the revolutionary period, and the last page contains facsimiles belonging respectively to the Empire, the Revolution, and the reign of Louis-Philippe.

To their numerous serials Messrs. Hachette have added a collection of the principal Greek and Latin authors.* At the time of Henri Estienne, Casaubon, and Pithou, France occupied a very high position in the sphere of erudition as well as in that of elegant literature; during the next century the labours of the Benedictines marked a further progress in the same direction; and it was only when political agitation turned every one's attention away from the pursuits of learning that French scholarship almost entirely disappeared. The best critical editions of the classics are now exclusively supplied by England and Germany, and it is with a view of retrieving the character of their countrymen in this respect that Messrs. Hachette have begun their new series. Virgil leads the way, the present volume giving us the *Bucolic* and the *Georgics* annotated by M. Benoit. In his introduction our critic offers a brief sketch of the editorial labours which have been bestowed upon Virgil, and explains the plan which he has thought fit to adopt. A biographical notice of the poet himself then follows. The text is very handsomely printed, and the notes, arranged in double columns, are of a useful character, copious without being diffuse, and clearing up every real difficulty without absolutely saving the student the trouble of thinking for himself, as Anthon uniformly does.

The eighth and last volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs† begins with a kind of dissertation on the best form of government for modern society. Freedom, he observes, is the great desideratum, the aim to be attained; and in order to reach it the responsibility of power must be a cardinal fact, not a fiction, nor a mere pretence. As a matter of course, the form of free government cannot but vary with differences of time and place, and what is called "Parliamentary Government" is only one of its various modifications. The existence of political parties is not only consistent with the due exercise of power under that system, but is one of its necessary conditions; and it is useless to talk of representative Government when restrictions are multiplied, and annoyances of every kind devised, to silence the smallest amount of opposition. M. Guizot examines the well-known maxim, "Le roi régne et ne gouverne pas," and dissents from it. Ministerial responsibility on the one hand, and the inviolability of the Sovereign on the other, do not by any means imply that the King must be a mere machine. M. Guizot argues that the very fact that the advisers to the Crown seek to impress the King with the superior claims of their particular views implies that they are addressing a free and intelligent person, capable of choosing between conflicting opinions, and of judging for himself, not a mere crowned puppet. An interesting summary of the principal things accomplished by the Government of Louis-Philippe appropriately terminates a work which will, we believe, occupy a lasting place in the literature of France, on account of the dignified tone which pervades it, and its total freedom from bitterness and party spirit.

Here is a thick octavo on the famous "persons" whom Mr. Mill has undertaken to introduce to political life.‡ We sincerely recommend it to the attention of the member for Westminster. It is well known that during the first century of the Roman Empire a law, called the *Velleianus Senatus-consultum*, was passed, prohibiting women from contracting obligations on behalf of other people. This law, although apparently of a special character and limited in its application, really touched upon some of the most important questions of social life. A few years ago the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques proposed the discussion of this *Senatus-consultum* as the subject of one of its prizes, and M. Gide obtained the reward for a very remarkable essay, which, revised and corrected, has reached the proportions of a substantial volume. Not only the condition of woman at Rome is here treated of, but her state in the East, in Greece, and in the principal political communities of modern Europe. M. Gide, let us say at once, is the champion of the fair sex; he maintains that ladies have the right to contract obligations, and his conclusion therefore is that the Velleian *Senatus-consultum*, although still acknowledged by the Code Napoleon, must gradually lose its power, and will, at no very distant period, be virtually abrogated through the progress of civilization.

The history of the ten years which immediately preceded the French Revolution would be imperfectly known if we did not examine how the liberal ideas professed by the Encyclopédistes, and imperfectly carried out by the first advisers of Louis XVI., were regarded by European opinion generally, and to what extent they were accepted beyond the limits of France. The works published in Paris on that important epoch are so numerous that it is almost impossible to give a complete list of them, and yet they are insufficient, because they take little or no account of the effect produced abroad by the writings of Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau, and other leaders of public opinion. Now Sweden, and its King Gustavus III., had always manifested the strongest sympathy for the new theories, and therefore there was reason to think that Stockholm or Upsal would form an interesting standpoint from

* *Nouveaux Lundis*. Par M. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie française. Vol. 8. Paris: Lévy.

† *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La Révolution et l'Empire*. Par le Comte de Meaux. Paris: Didier.

§ *Tableaux de la Révolution française*. Publié sur les papiers inédits, par A. Schmidt. Leipzig: Veit.

|| *Histoire des Falaises patriotiques*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Dentu.

* *Oeuvres de Virgile, avec un Commentaire, etc.* Par E. Benoit. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*. Par M. Guizot. Vol. 8. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Étude sur la Condition privée de la Femme*. Par Paul Gide. Paris: Durand et Thorin.

July 6, 1867.]

The Saturday Review.

THE Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A., Etonian, Graduate in Honours, Oxford (1852), assisted by a Resident Tutor of B.N.C., Oxford, receives SIX PUPILS for the Universities, Army, Civil Service, and Orders. One Vacancy. — Address, Osterley Rectory, Buntingford, Herts.

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TO the ELECTORS of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

1 WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, JUNE 27, 1867.

GENTLEMEN.—The hearty response which has been given in the course of a few days to the letter which was addressed to you last week in support of Mr. BAGEHOT's candidature for the University, induces me to add a few words in furtherance of my former statement of his political opinions.

We therefore beg to ask your earnest attention to Mr. BAGEHOT's letter, and to the list of influential Graduates who have already promised him their support.

It seems to us obvious that it will place the University of London in a position of great inferiority to the sister Universities should she seem unable to elect a man among her own supporters, who has had such a high political record. —Parliament.—We feel sure that the House of Commons will expect the University to furnish a practical illustration of the results of her own training, and we are satisfied that if Mr. BAGEHOT should be returned, the University will receive the greatest credit upon herself.

We shall be greatly obliged by the promise of your support, or by such other assistance as you may be able to give to our appeal on Mr. BAGEHOT's behalf.

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient Servants,

R. H. HUTTON, M.A.

E. CHARLES, LL.B.

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The Saturday Review.

[July 6, 1867.]

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. No. 257, will be published on the 17th inst. ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS intended for insertion cannot be received by the Publishers later than WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 10th instant.

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